JEMMY TWITCHER's JESTS;

COLLECTED

By a MEMBER of the Beef-Steak Club;

And now firſt publiſhed

By DANIEL GUNSTON.

Interſperſed with Variety of Entertaining Articles from his own Budget;

The whole conſiſting of

TALES, REPARTEES, CONUNDRUMS, BULLS, JOKES, Double ENTENDRES, EPIGRAMS, PUNS, HUMBUGS, CATCHES, GLEES,

And every other Species of Wit and Humour.

To which is now added,

Several ANECDOTES of eminent PERSONS;

With the Favourite SONGS

In LOVE in a VILLAGE, and Shakeſpeare's JUBILEE, at Stratford upon Avon, &c.

SECOND EDITION.

PAISLEY:

Printed and ſold by ALEX. WEIR, Bookſeller. 1776.

PREFACE

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE collections of Jests, published with the names of Ben Johnson and Joe Miller, have been circulated many years, and have been so frequently repeated in all manner of companies, that, though many of them are excellent, yet by their being continually hackneyed by every class of people, they are become insipid, and even disgusting. Since the publication of Ben Johnson and Joe Miller's Jests, several collection of a similar nature have appeared; but though they have been successfully palmed upon the world as new productions, the public are now sufficiently convinced, that they were little more than compilations from the collections above-mentioned. Subsequent collectors have compiled from these compilations, and ushered their plagiaries into the world as new performances.

PREFACE.

This, however, is not my caſe;——what I offer to the public has, at leaſt, novelty to recommend it; but how far it merits the approbation of the impartial lovers of mirth and good humour, muſt be left to their deciſion——to which I readily do ſubmit.

April 1ſt, 1776.

D. GUNSTON.

JEMMY TWITCHER'S

JESTS:

OR

The Humours of the Beef-Steak Club.

SEVERAL perſons have lately publiſhed Jeſt Books, and pretended in the title page that they were entirely new, but the public have been grievouſly impoſed upon; and the moſt favourable conſtruction that can be put upon their falſe aſſertions is, that *they were in jeſt*: and that was the only original jeſt that any of them have exhibited.

It is a circumſtance very well known, that the honourable Charles York was appointed Chancellor, and received the ſeals only two days before he died, whereupon a gentleman obſerved to the duke of G——n, that the ſeals could travel faſter than his grace's race horſes; how do you make that out, ſaid the Duke? Becauſe, replied the other, *they have been to* York *and back again in two days*.

A few days ago, an eminent taylor at the weſt end of the town, having *preſs'd* a certain gentleman in his neighbourhood for the payment of a very long bill, day after day to no purpoſe, told him plainly at laſt, that he would *take a new meaſure*, and work him to Weſtminſter Hall. The gentleman was a man of too much honour to diſcharge debts of juſtice, and therefore Mr Buckram *cut out a ſuit for him* in the court of King's Bench,

though he is determined not *to make it up* till his debt is discharged.

It is currently reported that a certain nobleman, who proposed commencing a suit against a particular young gentleman for *crim. con.* has been persuaded from this design by the promise of a ducal coronet, two *nobs* of which have been already planted on his *head*.

It is also currently reported, that there is a plan on foot for a seminary, or asylum, for the reception of unfortunate married women of fashion, who have *imprudently* committed adultery.

A person extremely fond of relating in company the stale jests of Joe Miller and Ben Johnson; another in company very sarcastically observed, that his stories were as destitute of wit as his old coat. What do you mean by that, says the other? because they are *thread-bare*, replied he.

A clergymen, in the presence of the late Mr Charles Churchill, was complaining of a person in company for his want of taste; for, says he, 'if one says a good 'thing it is lost upon him.' Mr Churchill very archly asked him the following satirical question, *Did you ever try him, Sir?*

Lady B— was observing in company, that if Lord P— should marry miss G— what an abominable thing it would be, as it was well known that she was a natural daughter to his own father. Major K——, who always considers the *main chance*, replied, 'There is 'nothing in it, my lady; the spiritual law takes no 'cognizance of *natural* children, and it will be keeping 'all the money in the family.'

Some very respectable neighbours of mine have done me the honour to elect me a member of a club at a certain tavern, where I sometimes pass an evening very agreeably; but it frequently happens that cards are proposed by some of the society, and there are always enough present, who approve of such a proposal: in consequence of which the four kings are introduced,

and four of the company immediately engage with them. From that moment all rational converſation ceaſes, and is ſucceeded by ſuch an unintelligible jargon, that any perſon who ſhould be curious enough to liſten at the door, would imagine we were all out of our ſenſes. One is perhaps, aſking your opinion about Mr Moore's machine; another very pertinently replies, 'club is 'trump.'———One declares, 'The Surry petition is 'written with great modeſty, and tho' ſevere, is couch-'ed in very reſpectful terms.'—Another offers to take his oath that he had two by honours in his own hand. 'Gentlemen whiſt players,' ſays one, 'I have the 'pleaſure of drinking all your healths,' 'That's 'damn'd bad play,' ſays another, 'Why did not 'ye lead a diamond, you knew it was my ſuit.' The laſt night that I was at the club, the landlord precipitately enter'd the room, ſaying, 'Did you call Sir?' 'Call!' ſays one of the players, 'D—me, what do you 'mean by that? I have no right to call—we are but ſeven.'

When his majeſty of Denmark was in town, a certain ancient baronet, no leſs diſtinguiſhed for his cleverneſs in his diſcharge of public etiquette than for his late orations in the Eaſt-India Houſe, was very attentive to him whenever he viſited that elegant temple of pleaſure, Ranelagh; but, unfortunately for the baronet, of all the living languages, the French was that which he was leaſt acquainted with; ſo that very often the king's complaiſance made him liſten without being able to comprehend him. Sometime after the king's departure, the baronet was flouriſhing before a certain witty earl of the intimacy and friendſhip he was always honoured with by his majeſty. 'Pho! pho! (cried the earl) ſo 'far from that I am told you could never agree.' 'Ne-'ver agree! my lord,' ſays the baronet haſtily.—'No 'never, replied the earl, for it can be proved there ne-'ver was a time you met, but there was a great deal 'of *bad* language paſt between you.'

A gentleman ſent for his taylor, who happen'd to be

an Irishman, and told him he had made his coat and waistcoat so little that he could not wear them, and ordered him to take them home and *let them out*. The taylor promised to obey the orders he had received, which he did in a very extraordinary manner. Some days afterwards, the gentleman wondering the taylor did not bring his clothes home, altered according to his direction, sent for him, and when Paddy arrived, asked him what was become of his coat and waistcoat? —'By my soul, says the ninth part of an Irishman, 'I have obeyed your commands and have *let them out*, 'and the devil burn me but I think I have made a ve'ry good bargain, for they happened to fit a country'man of mine and I have *let them out* to him at six'pence a week, and he has engaged to wear them at 'that price for three months certain, whether he lives 'or dies.'

A parson, who was reading a chapter in the Bible, came to these words, 'and he was clothed with wick'edness as with a garment.'——He said he thought it was very oddly expressed, for how could a man be *clothed* with wickedness? To which another replied, 'I 'suppose he had a *bad habit* of whoring and drinking.'

A gentleman, who very frequently went to take an airing on horse-back, was observed always to come home drunk, though he was never known to be intoxicated with liquor at any other time— whereupon a friend of his very archly observed, 'that though he had a *ha*'*bit* of getting drunk, it was only his *riding habit*.'

A person seeing a young lady of his acquaintance, in company with one Mr Child, went to the young lady's father, and told him with a sigh that he was very sorry to be the messenger of ill news, 'but, said he, with 'grief I express it, your daughter is *with Child*. What 'I say is not merely conjecture, but an absolute fact, 'and I am ready to take my oath that your daughter 'is with Child.' The old gentleman was extremely shocked to hear of such a charge against an only daugh-ter, whom he tenderly loved, and of whose chastity he

had always entertained the higheſt opinion. In ſhort, the old gentleman was almoſt crazzy, and the other perſon had too much humanity to let him remain any longer in that ſituation, but baniſhed all his fears in the following words. 'I ſaw your daughter this morning, ſhe was *with Child*, and by me—That is, ſhe was with Mr Child the attorney, and *by me*, becauſe *I was near hear*.'

Dr Brown, chaplain to the biſhop of Hereford went to dine with his Lordſhip, and took with him a lady, to whom he paid his addreſſes, and was ſhortly to have been married to her. After dinner, the biſhop aſk'd his chaplain for a toaſt, and obſerving he heſitated a conſiderable time, his lordſhip humouroufly ſaid, pointing to the lady, 'Your toaſt is not *brown* yet.'

There lately lived in Ormond-ſtreet, a lady who was a moſt notorious ſhrew, inſomuch that ſhe was continually quarrelling with her maids, and ſometimes uſed to beat them. It happened that ſhe once had a country girl for a ſervant, whoſe name was Bridget, and ſhe ſent her one Sunday in great haſte to Lamb's Conduit to fetch a bottle of water. Unfortunately for poor Biddy, an unlucky ſtone lay in her way, and juſt as ſhe had arrived at the well, ſhe fell down with the bottle, and broke it all to pieces: poor Biddy, as you may imagine, was greatly ſhocked at this accident; ſhe knew too well her miſtreſs's diſpoſition, and that all manner of excuſes would anſwer no purpoſe. She beat her breaſt and tore her hair, and ſaid there was not in the world ſo loſt and forlorn a creature as herſelf. A good handſome young [illegible] ſtanding by, and hearing her in this diſtreſs, kindly enquired of her reaſon. He ſaw ſhe was extremely handſome, and he preſently became enamoured with her. 'My dear, ſaid he, I 'cannot conceive why you ſo bewail yourſelf, you 'ſhould have any cauſe of grief.' 'Alas, ſaid ſhe, I am 'undone, I have the misfortune to live with the 'moſt cruel of women. Without the leaſt pretence 'for ſeverity ſhe ſometimes beats me till I am black

'blue, then what muſt I expect when I have broke 'one of her favourite bottles? In ſhort, I had rather 'die than ſubmit to her ill-uſage. 'Tis death alone 'that can afford me any relief, and I am determined 'to put an end to my life and my misfortunes toge-'ther.' 'Well then ſaid the 'prentice, ſince you are 'determined to die, you had better let me be the ex-'ecutioner, for it would be a moſt horrible ſin to be 'guilty of ſelf-murder.' Fair Biddy readily conſent-ed that he ſhould be her murderer, and agreed to ac-company him behind a quick-fet hedge, where he knock'd her down and preſently deprived her of life. She however return'd to life again, and was ſo well pleas'd with the manner of her death, that ſhe addreſs'd the youth in the following words, 'Kind Sir, ſaid ſhe, 'if this is the method you take to conſole me, when 'I have the misfortune to break a bottle, my miſtreſs, 'in a ſhort time won't have a *whole bottle left.*

An Iriſh gentleman came to England with an intent to ſtay a conſiderable time, and therefore thought it neceſſary to take a lodging; for which purpoſe he re-queſted the maſter of the Bloſſom's Inn in Lawrence-lane, to look out for a lodging for him. After ſome little enquiry he found an apartment in St Paul's Church-yard, which he thought would perfectly ſuit him. He returned to his Hibernian acquaintance, in-formed him that he had ſucceeded in his endeavours, and had ſeen a lodging that would certainly pleaſe him. The honeſt paddy deſired to know where it was.—'In 'St Paul's church-yard, replied the other. 'Pſhaw! '(returned Mr Teague) what a pretty meſſenger you 'are to ſend off an errand! *Did you ever hear of a man's 'going to live in a church-yard till after he was dead?*

A young woman, very genteelly dreſs'd, went into the ſhop of an haberdaſher in Cheapſide, and took an opportunity, when ſhe thought ſhe was not perceived, to convey a quantity of lace into her pocket. She could not however eſcape the vigilant eye of the ha-berdaſher, who immediately accoſted her in thoſe polite

terms, 'I am ſorry, miſs, that you ſhould take ſo large 'a quantity of my lace without aſking my leave.' 'Indeed, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'I have not touch'd your lace—'You are quite miſtaken. Since you deny it, replied 'he, catching hold of her, you are now my priſoner, 'and therefore you are *miſs-taken*.

One night at Drury-lane play-houſe, a ſong in the Jubilee was *encor'd*, and after it had been ſung a ſecond time, Mr Moody (who perform'd the character of an Iriſhman in that farce) cry'd out, 'If I had known 'they would have ſung the ſame ſong again, it ſhould 'not have been *encor'd*.

A gentleman though not an Iriſhman, was obſerving in company, 'that the winter evenings are much 'more agreeable than the ſummer evenings; for in the 'ſummer evenings you had not time to enjoy the converſation of your friends, for the days were ſo long 'that it *grew late very ſoon*.

A Spaniſh ſhip was ſtranded on the coaſt of Ireland, and only a ſmall part of the crew were ſaved; one of whom, almoſt periſhed with cold, went to a little cottage, and though he could not ſpeak a language to be underſtood by the cottagers, they gueſſed at the misfortunes that had befallen him, and took pity on his diſtreſs. They generouſly deſired him to partake of the food their little hovel afforded, and afterwards gave him to underſtand that he might lie all night before the fire, which was better than being expoſed to the ſeverity of the winter in the open air; but, as they had only one bed, he could not poſſibly lie with them. Accordingly, the man and his wife went to bed, the Spaniard laid himſelf down before the fire. The good woman, however, was under ſome uneaſineſs that the ſtranger could not be better accommodated, and at length propoſed to the huſband to make room for him in their bed; obſerving that the foreigner might lie on one ſide, the on the other and old g ffer in the middle. The huſband readily aſſented to this propoſal, and matters were conducted accordingly. In the morning, however, the Spa-

hard awaked, and recollecting there was a woman in bed with him, found it impoſſible to reſiſt ſuch a temptation after a long voyage, and perceiving that Paddy was aſleep, gets on the other ſide of the bed to his wife, and immediately proceeded to buſineſs. The huſband preſently awaked, and to his great aſtoniſhment, beheld the man whom he had ſo hoſpitably treated, was in the act of planting a pair of horns upon his head,—— 'Arrah, my Judy, ſaid he, what the devil are you 'doing—Why don't you ſpake to the ſcoundral, and 'bid him get off, and tell him not to be after committing the crime of *adultery with any woman but his own wife.*' 'Upon my ſoul, my dear Paddy, ſaid ſhe, if I 'ſpake to him as he underſtands only the Spaniſh, he 'won't know what I mean, it will only be making a 'botheration and a noiſe to no purpoſe; ſo I may as 'well let him go on—*he'll have be quick.*'

During a very high wind, part of a church in Surry was blown down; and in particular a ſtone on which the ten commandments were engraved, was entirely broken to pieces; upon which a gentleman obſerved that there muſt be a wicked fellow indeed, that *could break all the commandments*, and that the parſon of the parish was a virtuous man compared to him, for he had never broken more than *one of them.*

Two Iriſhmen upon their paſſage from Dublin to Holyhead, laid a conſiderable wager which of the two ſhould firſt ſet their feet upon Engliſh ground. When the ſhip was almoſt arrived at the port, ſome boats came out to meet them, in which the two Paddies immediately got; and when they were almoſt arrived at the ſhore, one of them, in order to win his wager, jumped plump into the ſea; and was up to the chin in water, where he thought it would not have been above up to his knees. 'If this be England, ſaid Teague, the devil burn me 'if I like it at all, for a man no ſooner ſets his foot upon 'it, but he is up to his *neck in water.*'

The following being a very good punical account of the candidates for the Common-council of the ward of Farringdon Within for the year 1770. *I shall, without apology, present it to my readers. Though the wit may by some be thought too local, and not calculated for general entertainment; yet as the parties are so particularly marked, it will certainly be matter of diverſion for every one, but more particularly to thoſe who have any knowledge of them.*

A portrait of the perſons and deſigns of ſome of the contending parties for Common-council-men of the ward of Farringdon-within.

NEW CANDIDATES.

Mr Caſton, bookſeller, is determined *to turn over a new leaf* with the old culprits.

Mr Lokes, wax chandler, will light up the *flambeaux* of liberty, ſtick as cloſe as *wax* to his brother candidates, and *ſeal* up the mouths of his opponents.

Mr Upton, broker, has *reſolved to put up* the old common-council men to *auction* and expects (as they are *ſecond hand goods*) they will be *knock'd down* for a trifle.

Mr Smith, printſeller, is determined to have the *heads* of the old crew engraved upon *lead*, and printed off upon ſoft *foſ cap* paper, to ſerve as *neceſſary* furniture for the inhabitants.

Mr Maynard, ſtarter, will lay aſide the uſe of his *old blind horſes* in the ſtarting-mill, to make room for the *old blind aſſes* of the ward.

Mr Adams, cordwainer, declares the *ſoles* of his conſtituents are *very good*; that he is determined they ſhall have *better upper leathers*; and having got the *length of the foot* of almoſt every inhabitant, is in no doubt of ſucceſs.

Mr Hunter, button-ſeller, don't care a *button* for the old common-council men, and is determined to give 'em their *trimmings*, except *buckram*, of which they have a ſufficient ſtock.

OLD MEMBERS.

Mr. Deputy Paterſon is upon *ways and means* to continue in common council, and ſays every man ought to praiſe the *bridge* that carries him ſafe over. As this gentleman is of Scotch extraction, 'tis no wonder that he has an *itch* to come in again.

Mr. Griffith, tobacconiſt, having *ſmoak'd* how matters are going, is determined to *reſign*, and declares (look you) he done care a *pinch of ſnuff* for the office.

Mr. J. Kivington, bookſeller, poſts every morning to St Paul's, to pray for ſucceſs in his election. It was expected he would have reſigned the *poll*, but a lady prevailed upon him to *ſtand once more* to oblige her.

Mr. William Jones, glover, has thrown down his *glove* in defiance to his antagoniſts, and boldly declares he deſpiſes every *ſkin* of them.

Mr. Clements, trunk-maker, has lined ſeveral of his *trunks* with the *city poll book*, and ſays he will *look up* the new candidates.

Mr. Woodroffe, hoſier and *monoſyllable monger*, is reſolved *for the ſake of decency*, to furniſh the *ladies* of the common-council with *breech pieces*, and their *garters* with *ſtockings*, to enable them ſtand upon their legs on St Thomas' day.

Mr. Pinder, maſon, is full of wrath, and declares, if he loſes his election, he will ſpare neither age nor ſex in the oppoſition, but will abſolutely throw his *ſtones* at them.

One day a common council-man of one of the wards in this city, in which the election was likely to be conteſted, riding out of town to get ſome votes, was flung off his horſe: he fell forcibly with his head againſt a mile ſtone, but received no injury himſelf, though the ſtone was broke in two.

I was at L. C's, one day in Ireland, where a certain perſon was preſent, who has lately taken uncommon

pains to carry ſome points greatly againſt the intereſt of this kingdom: after dinner this gentleman amuſed himſelf, as he often does, with drawing *caricaturas* of ſome of the company; among the reſt he took of the face of a phyſician preſent, and made the poor doctor, who is a very ordinary man, for ſome time extremely ridiculous; however the latter having alſo a talent for deſign, and gueſſing how the other was employed, did not let him long enjoy his triumph; but, after approving his performance, drew a piece of paper out of his pocket, on which he had ſketched a moſt ridiculous figure of the Great Man; who, perceiving the image of a woman, with a glaſs of wine in her hand, placed by him, aſked the deſigner what it meant? That is, ſaid the doctor, poor Hibernia; ſhe is entertaining you in the moſt hoſpitable manner, while, you, *Sir*, *are picking her pocket*.

When Mr. Garrick, in the character of Haſtings, ſome nights ago, was going off the ſtage, after having repeated the following line,

And die with pleaſure for my country's good.

a droll tar in the upper gallery cried, after having diſlodged a quid, 'Avaſt, brother, with your cheek-jaw 'and palaver!——Lord's ain't ſo ready to die for Old 'England now-a-days.

A matrimonial anecdote, from the French.

A married man, whoſe wife (in other reſpects a good ſort of a woman) had made him ſuffer his purgatory in this world; on his deceaſe, went directly to Paradiſe, which he had richly deſerved by his patience. When he came to the gate, he knocked, St Peter very kindly opened the gate and invited him to take the place which was aſſigned him in heaven. The huſband ſtood ſtill to conſider, after which he thought it prudent to aſk the ſaint, whether his wife had not ſtrayed thither? The porter anſwering him in the affirmative, the good man was ſatisfied. He immediately took to his heels,

and ran directly to h—, chooſing rather to leave paradiſe, where his wife was, who would not have failed to have rendered it a place of miſery. Now, if *good women*, eſpecially thoſe who are reported ſuch, are enough to make a man run away from heaven, what muſt the *bad ones* be in the lower regions?

A gentleman in a certain coffee-houſe, expreſs'd his aſtoniſhment that the m———y ſhould obtain a pardon for *M'* Quirk, when it is univerſally known and acknowledged, that the ſaid *M'* Quirk had a deſign upon the CROWN.

N. B. *M'Quirk killed Mr Clarke by a blow on the head with a bludgeon.*

An Iriſhman, ſpeaking of the perſons who attended Sir Lutterell to Brentford at the election, ſaid, That he himſelf counted at leaſt two hundred *freeholders* who had no right to vote.

An Engliſh gentleman obſerving at ——— Corneliſ's, that the people of this country were, in general, the very oppoſite to the people of France; a Frenchman of quality, with whom he was converſing, replied, 'That 'is very true, for with us no people are in diſgrace, but 'thoſe *turned out of employment*, and with you nobody 'is ſo contemptible and ſo much abuſed as thoſe *turned into places*.'

An honeſt kind of a woman, who had the miſfortune to be married to a huſband who turned a notorious houſebreaker, ſometimes expoſtulated with him, and begged he would live a life of induſtry, and eſchew his vicious courſes. 'Conſider, ſays ſhe, Providence 'ſees all your actions, and will certainly *overtake* 'you ſooner or later.' 'I don't care who *ſees* or '*over-takes* me, replied he, if I can but eſcape the 'vigilance of the watchmen, and juſtice Fielding's thief-'takers.'

A perſon in company would inſiſt upon it, that the *preſent lord chancellor was dead.*

A man, without receiving any affront, ſtruck another a blow on the face, and afterwards fought with three men who were all larger than himſelf, and overcame them all. A perſon preſent obſerved, that he was a very *ſtrong* man, another inſiſted upon it that he was a *weak* man; a wager however enſued, and it was decided by the company, that he was a weak man; otherwiſe he would not have ſtruck another without having received any affront or injury.

A fire lately happened at a pawn-broker's ſhop, and, as uſual, a number of pilferers were buſy at their harveſt; one of them was ſtopt with a ſuit of clothes under his arm, which he was running away with, and aſked what buſineſs he had with them? 'I am, ſays he, 'only redeeming ſome clothes that I pawned here yeſ-'terday.' A perſon preſent replied, 'If this is your 'method of redemption, you merit a halter inſtead of 'ſalvation.'

Another perſon at the ſame fire, was ſtopt with a Bible under his arm, his excuſe was, That he was a methodiſt, and could not bear the thoughts of having the word of God burnt.

A taylor having mended a pair of breeches for one of his cuſtomers, was carrying them home, when he ſaw a funeral paſs by, attended in the proceſſion by an apothecary whom he knew—'So maſter, ſays he, to the 'apothecary, I ſee you are going *to carry your work* 'home too as well as I.'

One evening, a gentleman very much in liquor, was leaning againſt a poſt in Cheapſide; a fellow coming by at the ſame time, ſeeing he was in ſuch a ſituation that he could not purſue him, ſnatch'd his hat off his head and ran away with it: Another of the ſame fraternity, at a little diſtance, ſaw what had happened, and told the gentleman that a man had ſtole his hat and run away with it, and aſked him why he did not run after him: 'I am ſo damn'd drunk, ſays he 'that I can hardly ſtand, and therefore I cannot run 'after him.' 'If that's the caſe, ſaid the other, I

'may ſafely venture to ſteal your wig;' which he immediately took from the gentleman's head, got clear off, and left the old toper bare-headed, hugging the poſt and lamenting the loſs of his hat and wig.

A taylor's apprentice was ſent home with a ſuit of clothes to a gentleman, who the foreman told him always gave a ſhilling upon thoſe occaſions; and, as that was the foreman's perquiſite, charged the boy not to cheat him by pretending he had not received ſo much. When the boy arrived at the gentleman's houſe, and delivered the clothes, he made him a preſent of only ſixpence. The boy was highly chagrined at this diſappointment, imagining the foreman ſhould apprehend he had pocketed half what he had received. He therefore thought of this droll expedient, 'Sir, ſays 'he to the gentleman who gave him the ſixpence, 'I wiſh you would give me two ſixpences for a ſhill-'ling.' He readily conſented, but when he had given the boy the change, he preſented him with the ſixpence he had received from him. 'Why this is 'only ſixpence,' ſays the gentleman. 'You are miſ-'taken, Sir, replied the boy, it muſt be a ſhilling, 'for our foreman ſays, you always give a ſhilling.' The gentleman was ſo pleaſed with the archneſs of the boy, that he gave him half a crown inſtead of a ſhilling.

A tradeſman in the city of London, miſſed his 'Prentice, and enquired what was become of him, the man's daughter told him he was gone up ſtairs; the good man, who had before ſuſpected that the apprentice was too intimate with his wife, went up ſtairs and found him in his miſtreſs's dreſſing-room—'You raſcal, ſays 'he, what do you here?'—'My miſtreſs, replied he, 'called to me, and ſaid ſhe wanted a *bruſh; and I have* 'juſt given her a bruſh; That's all, indeed, Sir, and I 'hope there's no harm in that.'

A perſon was lamenting the degeneracy of the times, and in particular obſerved, that the women had loſt every ſenſe of modeſty; that they could reliſh an ob-

ſtare'like, or a double entendre as well as the moſt abandoned of mankind: He added, that when he was a young man, which was about forty years ago, the behaviour of women was much more decent and praiſe-worthy. 'I don't know how it might be forty years 'ago, replied another, but the women were worſe 'four thouſand years ago than they are now; and in 'particular that good lady Mrs Eve, fell in love with 'the firſt man ſhe ſaw, and was ſo very *indecent* as to 'admit him to make his addreſſes to her *when he and 'ſhe were ſtark naked.*' What would the prudes ſay, if this method of courtſhip was practiſed among the moderns?

A gentleman, who was upwards of ſix feet high, thought he ſhould make a very reſpectful figure in the army, and therefore purchaſed a cornet's commiſſion: As he had occaſion to be frequently abſent upon duty, his wife was not willing to have her duty neglected at home: She therefore took the advantage of his abſence to indulge a criminal paſſion with a young gentleman, who was a neighbour, and who was alſo intimately acquainted with the huſband: One evening, when the cornet was at home, this young gentleman ſupped and ſpent the evening with him and his wife. The military hero, after drinking pretty briſkly, began to be full of ſpirits: in ſhort, he was three-fourths drunk, and boaſting much of his proweſs, among other things, he ſaid to his companion, that he was a much better man than him in every reſpect, and with regard to performing the ladies buſineſs, he would lay five hundred pounds that he could pleaſe a woman better than him. The wife immediately interrupted him, by begging he would keep his money in his pocket, and added that *if he laid five millions, ſhe was ſure he would loſe.*

One day a juſtice of the quorum, after being fatigued with buſineſs upon the bench, went to the tavern to recruit his ſpirits a little. But before he began to drink, he put his ſpectacles upon his ſnout, and was

going to read the news-papers. But having a preſſing occaſion to make water, he thought proper to proceed upon that buſineſs before he began to read. He ſtill had his ſpectacles on, and as he was advancing towards the chamber-pot, the maid entered the room, and ſeeing the juſtice had got a very *ſmall affair* in hand, ſhe jeeringly ſaid to him, 'Your honour is in the right to 'wear ſpectacles when you are hunting after ſuch little 'trifles——'tis a very ſmall print indeed, why don't you 'make uſe of a magnifying glaſs, and then you'll look 'like a man.'

How fooliſh and ridiculous it is to ſay that whatever peoples thoughts are employed upon all day, they generally dream of the ſame ſubjects at night; for if that were the caſe, even the holy nuns, whoſe meditations are all day fixed upon nothing but heaven, would have the ſame pious dreams when they were cloſed in the arms of ſleep, which we are ſenſible is not the fact; for even the holy nuns have frequently lewd dreams, and ſome righteous proteſtants, who hardly ever thought of a crime, have been betrayed by wanton dreams. Honeſt Hugh of Edinburgh, had married a very virtuous and religious wife, who would not have defiled the marriage-bed upon any conſideration. One night, as ſhe was in bed with her huſband, ſhe burſt out in a loud laughter. The old man, aſtoniſhed at having his ſlumbers broke in ſuch an extraordinary manner, begged ſhe would reſerve her ill-timed mirth till the morning, and not diſturb him in his reſt. 'My dear, ſhe cried, 'my dream was ſo very droll, that I cannot poſ'ſibly help laughing at it: I dreamed that a ſhip had 'arrived at Leith, laden with extraordinary merchan'diſe; in ſhort I dreamt it was freighted with a cer'tain commodity that you men wear about you, and 'that the captain was ſelling them out by the buſhel. 'Some of them were large, ſome ſmall, and ſome of 'the middle ſize: But I, who was fond of the largeſt, 'picked out a buſhel of the prime ones.' 'That 'was wiſely done, anſwered Hugh, but pray did you

'ſee any one among them that was equal to mine?' 'Equal to yours! replied the wife laughing, yours is 'not to be compared to them; for while I was chooſing 'mine, I threw above a peck overboard that were a 'thouſand times better than yours.'

SCOTCH ENTHUSIASM.

MR John Welch, a Scotch preſbyterian, prayed as follows: 'Lord we are come hither, a pack of poor 'beggars of us this day, give alms to the poor blind 'here, for God's ſake, that never ſaw the light of the 'goſpel; alms to the poor deaf here, that never heard 'the joyful ſound; to the poor cripples that have 'their legs the covenant broken by the biſhops. Lord 'pity the poor kirk this day, poor woman, ſad is ſhe, 'Lord, ſend her a lift, and G—d confound that filthy 'bitch, that gumbal'd whore, the whore of Babylon.'

MR Areſkine praying in Tron Church at Edinburgh, ſaid, 'L—d have mercy on all fools and idiots, and par-'ticularly on the magiſtrates of Edinburgh.'

Another, imprecating (as is very common amongſt them) ſaid, 'L—d give thy enemies the papiſts, a full 'cup of thy fury to drink; and if they refuſe to drink 'it off, then good L—d give them another cup full.'

MR John Dickſon praying for grace, ſaid, 'L—d 'dibble thou the kail-ſeed of thy grace in our hearts, 'and if we grow not up good kail, L—d make us good 'ſprouts at leaſt.'

Another prayed, 'L—d thou haſt ſaid that he is 'worſe than an infidel that provides not for his own 'family: Give us not reaſon to ſay this of thee L—d; 'for we are thine own family, and yet we have been but 'ſcurvily provided for of a long time.'

Another, who was preaching againſt the giddineſs of women, ſaid thus: 'Behold the vanity of women, 'look to them, you'll ſee firſt a ſattin petticoat; lift 'that there is a flannel petticoat; lift that there is a

'holland ſmarch; *(ſmock)* lift that and there you will 'ſee what they ought not to be proud of, that's no 'very cleanly ſpectacle; Eve was not ſo vain, ſhe fought 'no covering but fig-leaves.'

It is very well known in Perthſhire, that one of their rabbies preaching at St Johnſtone, a little before the battle of Killiekrankie, upon theſe words, *reſiſt the devil and he will fly from you*; he begins very gravely after this manner; 'My beloved, you are all here this 'day even for the faſhions cauſe, but ken not who is a-'mongſt you the day? Even the maikle-horne deel, 'though you cannot ſee him, yet I do; I ſee him, Sirs, 'by the eye of faith; you'll ſay, now that we have 'him here, what ſhall we do with him, Sirs? What 'way will you deſtroy him? Some of you will ſay, we 'will hang him; ha! ha! my beloved, there are not 'ſo many tows in all the pariſh as would hang him; 'beſides, he is as light as a feather. What then will 'ye do with him for he will not hang? Then ſome of 'you will ſay, we will drown him—my beloved, there 'is too much cork in his arſe, he's as ſouple as an eel, 'he will not ſink. Others of you will ſay, we will 'burn him—Na! na! Sirs, ye may ſcald yourſelves, 'but ye cannot burn him, for all the fire in hell, 'could never yet ſinge a hair of his tail. Now, Sirs, ye 'cannot find a way among you all to kill him, but I 'will find it; what way will this be, Sirs? We ſhall 'even ſhot him. Wherewith ſhall we ſhoot him? 'We ſhall ſhoot him with the Bible. Now, Sirs, I 'ſhall ſhoot him preſently, *(ſo preſenting the Bible as 'ſoldiers do their muſkets)* he cries out, touff, touff, 'touff. Now he is ſhot, there lies the foul thief as 'dead as a haren.'

One Mr Thomas Ramſay, ſaid in a ſermon——— 'The politician will go twenty miles to hear a gentle-'man preaching. Secondly, the gallent, give him a 'glaſs of wine to drink, and give him a landy to kiſs, 'and what cares he for preaching. Thirdly, for the 'ignorant man, give him a cogful full of bruſe to his

'belly, and a pair of breeks to his arſe, what cares he 'for preaching.'

One Mr Shields, preaching at Barthwick, ſaid, 'Many 'had religion in the day, but will have none in the 'morn, their religion was ſoon gone like a woman's vir-'ginity.'

Mr Kirkton, preaching in his meeting houſe in the Caſtle-hill of Edinburgh, adduced ſeveral inſtances of the poverty of righteous people; amongſt others, he had this very remarkable one: 'Brethren, ſays he, 'critics with their frimſrams, may imagine a hun-'dred reaſons for Abraham's going out of the land of 'Chaldea, but I wil tell you what was always my opi-'nion. I believe Abraham, poor man, was forced to 'run out of the land of Judea for debt.'

One preaching in Preſton-pans, about Joſhua's mak-ing the ſun ſtand ſtill, reſolving to make a very learned diſcourſe, began thus: 'Sir you'll perhaps aſk me how 'Joſhua could make the ſun to ſtand ſtill? To that I 'anſwer, it was by ſhifting the motion of the *primum* 'mobili, commonly called the zodiack line; but as to 'the *quomodo*, its no great matter; but that the ſtory 'was true, we have reaſon to believe from the heathen 'writers; for it was told by them *for a baſe bawdy tale*, 'how Jupiter made a night as long as two, that he 'might get a longer time to lie with Alcmena.'

Mr James Kirkton, preaching on Jezabel, ſaid, 'That 'well-favour'd whore; what became of her, Sirs? She 'fell over a window arſe over head; and her black bot-'tom was diſcovered; you may all gueſs what the be-'holder ſaw, beloved, a black ſight you may be ſure.

A quaker from New England, happened to be at Rome when the Pope was inveſted, and ſeeing him in all his pomp, ſaid, 'His maſter walked humbly, and made no 'ſuch figure.' A jeſuit whiſpered him, 'That the firſt 'planters of any ſcheme ſeldom thrive, though their 'ſucceſſors grow rich.

A quaker who had been ſued at law by a neighbour, and who came off ſecond beſt at the trial, was determin-

ed to be revenged of his adverſary. One day he acci-dentally met him, and accoſted him in very civil terms, 'Friend, ſaid he, thee and I have had ſome little miſ-'underſtanding together, but as matters are now ad-'juſted, I hope we ſhall not continue at variance. Wilt 'thou dine with me to-day? I ſhall be very glad of thy 'company to partake of what my table affords.' The other readily conſented, but before the quaker took him into the room where they were to dine, he heated the wrong end of the poker almoſt red hot, but not quite; and, taking it out, placed it in its proper ſitu-ation by the ſide of the fire. He then uſhered in his friend, but before he had been there half a minute; 'Friend, ſaid Aminadab, as thou ſitteſt next the fire, 'I ſhould be obliged to thee if thou wouldſt ſtir it.' The other, not ſuſpecting the trap that was laid for him, innocently took up the poker, and burnt his hand in a moſt ſhocking manner. It is impoſſible to conceive the rage into which he was thrown by this revengeful artifice, and he abuſed the quaker in the groſſeſt man-ner, though not ſo much as he deſerved. The quaker made no other anſwer than this: 'Friend, *thou art only* '*burnt in the hand*, and that thou has deſerved theſe 'many years.'

A precious meeting of the common council being to beheld at the Half-moon in Cheapſide, one of the old wither'd aldermen, ſaid to a young common council man, 'What ſubject ſhall you be upon to-night?' 'I ſhall be 'upon a ſubject, replied he, that you have not been 'able to handle theſe twenty years,—I ſhall be *upon my* '*wife*.' The alderman replied, 'That's a ſubject that I 'can *handle* as well as ever I could, but the misfortune 'is, *I can only handle it*.'

Laſt night died, at his apartments in Old Bond-ſtreet, after an illneſs of ſix days, which he bore with the moſt perfect reſignation, the Lap-dog of a lady of diſtinction. On Sunday laſt he caught a very violent cold, by having been left upwards of four hours in a damp cloſet, through the carelеſſneſs of a foot-boy.

When releaſed from the cloſet, his whole frame was in the moſt dreadful tremor; upon which he was put to bed, and many nutritives were given him, but without effect, for he could keep nothing on his ſtomach; however, the tremor gradually abated, and on Monday Dr Hill's Bardana was applied, but no relief was found even from this celebrated remedy; on Tueſday he was exceedingly coſtive, upon which ſome laxatives were adminiſtred, and on Wedneſday he evacuated plentifully; on Thurſday he was conſiderably better, and ſeemed in a fair way of recovery; but yeſterday he relapſed, and expired as above mentioned. The foot-boy was carried before juſtice F——, who committed him till the coroner's inqueſt ſhould determine whether the lad was guilty of murder or manſlaughter.

Two perſons in company laid a wager which of them could reach the higheſt; a third, who was remarkable for tricking and taking in the unwary in the way of buſineſs, got up and propoſed a bet of two bottles to one, that he could reach higher than either of them. One of them replied with a ſneer; 'Yes, Sir, we all 'know perfectly well that you can *over-reach* any of 'us.'

There lived in Briſtol, a gentleman who was ſo remarkably thin that he generally went by the appellation of *Sheleton.* One evening he was ſeized with a very amorous fit, and purſuing the maid into the cellar, he attempted to be rude with her: His wife ſuſpecting what was going forwards below ſtairs, ſtole ſlily down at the time her huſband was expreſſing himſelf to the maid in theſe words: 'You are ſo tempting that *fleſh* '*and blood* cannot withſtand it.' The wife immediately replied; 'If *fleſh and blood* cannot withſtand it, I think '*ſkin and bones* might.'

A perſon ſpeaking in commendation of his abſent friend, ſaid he was an *honeſt man*, and a very *good dyer.* Another obſerved, that if he was an honeſt man he was *fit to dye.* Very true, replied the other, if a man is not a good liver he is not fit *to dye.* A third perſon re-

marked, that if he had regularly served an apprenticeship, he had a right to say with the Apostle, *I dye daily*. An Irishman put in his oar—'Devil burn me, 'my dear, says he, there is some *colour* for what you 'say about *dying*, for a man that is bred and born to be 'a *dyer*, has a right to *dye* every day of his life, or else 'how can *he live*?'

Mr Moody, in the character of the Irish gentleman at the Jubilee, said, he had been travelling up and down, all round the town at Stratford upon Avon, to endeavour to find a bit of supper and a bed, but the devil a *toothful* could he get of either.

A gentleman who has favoured the public with an elegant translation of the works of Anacreon, saw soon afterwards another translation of the same author advertised to be published. He hastened to a bookseller to purchase it, and, perusing a few pages, thought it much inferior to his own. 'Pray, Sir, says he to the 'bookseller, what is this gentleman, who has given to 'the world a new translation of Anacreon?' 'He is a '*brewer*,' replied old Quarto.—'If that's the case says 'the other, we must give him *some grains of allowance*.

A young fellow, making an attempt upon the chastity of a young girl, among other protestations declared he would marry her the next day, if she complied with his request. The young woman strenuously refused to to gratify his wishes. 'Your *scruples*, said he, to a 'man that loves you as I do, are weak and frivolous, 'and have no weight.' 'They are such *scruples*, replied 'she, as shall out-weigh many *drams* of your impudence 'and impertinence.'

When the debates were at the greatest warmth in the House of L—ds, some time ago, the witty lord P——t, perceiving the lights were very dim, made a very formal motion to have the candles snuffed, in order to throw some *light* upon the subject.

A person, in company with a ceremonious acquaintance of his said, '*Cere-money* was the worst money that 'ever was coin'd and circulated.' The other replied,

'But you muſt allow it to be *current*.' True, replied the firſt, 'But it is not *ſterling*.'

A gentleman meeting a friend of his in the ſtreet, aſked him to go home and dine with him: 'I am in a 'kind of diſhabille, anſwered the other, or I ſhould have 'no objection.' 'Pihaw! replied the firſt, don't urge 'that as an excuſe, for I have no company but what 'you are intimately acquainted with.—I ſhall have no-'body at my table, but my old friend Bacon and Mr 'Green and Mrs Green.' If you have nothing but *bacon* 'and *greens*, returned the other, you ſhall have none of 'my company at dinner, for I have a particular averſion 'to that diſh.'

A perſon who lives at the bottom of Snowhill has theſe words over his door, *This way to Heaven*. A countryman obſerving it, ſaid, 'Theſe Londoners 'want to hum us countrymen, and to make us think 'that ſome of them came down from the clouds, but we 'are not quite ſo fooliſh as they think for. I rather 'think he came from *below*, as you and I did.'

The church warden of St Sepulchres cauſed a board to be affixed to the church, with theſe words. 'Take 'notice, that whoever ſhall preſume to throw any duſt 'or rubbiſh in this church yard ſhall be proſecuted.' —Notwithſtanding this caution, a poor man was ſoon after detected emptying a baſket of dirt on the premiſes and was taken into cuſtody.—'Don't you ſee, ſaid 'the church-warden, the *notice* that is ſtuck up againſt 'the wall.'—The culprit made this reply; 'You ſee, 'Sir, that your NOTICE is ſtuck up at leaſt ſeven feet 'high, therefore I hope you'll excuſe me, becauſe, ſays 'he (pointing up to the board) *I am below your notice*. This arch reply put the church-warden into a good humour, and the offender was forgiven.

A woman, whoſe huſband was in a high fever, was aſk'd by a neighbour how he did? I hope he'll recover, ſaid ſhe. 'I hope he will not recover, replied the wife, 'for if he does I ſhall ſoon be with child again, and I 'think I have children enough already. He has been

'a very bad husband to me, therefore I hope he'll *mend*,
'but I don't wish he may *re-cover*.'

Mr Daniel G——n, a man celebrated for his humour, being once at Bristol, invited no less than six quakers (all of whom he had dealings with) to sup with him at his inn. Presently after supper, some of the friends who had heard of the fame of Mr G——, were anxious to have a song from him; but it being inconsistent with their plan of purity, to request so profane a favour, they went on an indirect way to work: 'Friend Daniel, said one, dost not thee sometimes amuse thyself with singing a song?' I do, says Daniel. 'Then if thou art inclined, resumed old Broad Brim, 'to amuse thyself after that manner now, we shall not 'oppose thee.' After repeated hints of this kind, which in fact amounted to a direct invitation, Daniel began to amuse himself with singing, agreeable to their request, at which the friends appeared to be as agreeably amused as he was. It is necessary to observe that this happened on Saturday night, and the clock struck *twelve* just as Dan had sung about three verses of that very modest song called, '*Hast thou not seen a book called Tristram Shandy, ma'am?*' Daniel paused, and being a very righteous man, expressed some scruples of conscience, saying he did not choose to proceed as it was then *Sunday morning*. 'Thou mayst finish thy song, friend Daniel, replied one of the broad brims, for I can assure 'thee that clock goes five minutes *too fast*.'

A gentleman, at a venison feast, said he had made a noble discovery, for he had found out the very best *cut* in the whole haunch. 'Have you, said another eagerly, pray tell me where it is?' 'Not for fifty pounds, 'replied the first, that's too valuable a secret to be revealed whilst I am a lover of venison.'

A quaker driving in a single horse chaise, up a green lane that leads from Newington-Green to Hornsey, happen'd to meet with a young blood, who was also in a single horse chaise. There was not room enough for them to pass each other, unless one of them would back

his carriage, which they both refuſed. I'll not make way for you, ſays the blood, d—n my eyes if I will. 'I think I am older than thou art, ſaid the quaker, 'and therefore I have a right to expect thee to make 'way for me.'—I wont dam me, reſumed the firſt. He then pulled out a news-paper, and began to read, as he ſat ſtill in his chaiſe. The quaker obſerving him, pulled a pipe and ſome tobacco from his pocket, and with a conveniency which he carried about him, ſtruck a light, illuminated his pipe, and ſat and ſunked away very comfortably.—'Friend, ſaid he to the young blood, 'when thou haſt read that paper through, I ſhould be 'glad if thou wouldſt lend it me.' My young gentleman, ſeeing the obſtinacy of the quaker was not to be overcome, prudently made way for him, but not till after he had favour'd him with a few oaths, curſes, and imprecations.

Upon the motion of the patriots, in a certain great aſſembly, to *defer* their enquiry into the *ſtate of the nation*, on account of their neceſſary attendance at the Lord Mayor's (Beckford's) Ball, a perſon of wit obſerved, that they were like the politicians in the REHEARSAL; one ſays;

And now to ſerious council let's advance:

The other ſays,

I do agree;—but firſt, let's have a dance.

An advertiſement lately appeared in the news-papers, offering good encouragement to any lady and gentleman that ſhould chooſe to exhibit in the theatrical way; and thoſe who were properly qualified, were deſired to join a company of comedians at Hartfort 'At Hart-'fort!' ſays a perſon who read the advertiſement, 'What 'the devil can a company of comedians *get* at Hart-'ford?'—'Get! why they may *get* in debt,' replied another, 'if any body will truſt them.'

A gentleman offered to make his friend a preſent of

a head of Lord B——, the other (who was a Bill of Rights Man) ſaid he was a lover of the ſciences, and ſhould be glad to ſee a head of Lord B——, or even Lord H——d, if they were *well executed.*

F—— N——, becauſe he would bellow and carry every thing almoſt his own way in the court of King's B——, thought he ſhould be able to cut a figure in the Court of Chancery; but he preſently perceived that *equity* was not his fort, and that it was a practice he was totally unacquainted with; he therefore returned to *his old practice* in the Court of King's B——.

One Mr Cooke, an attorney in the Temple, as he was once playing at romps with his landreſs, whoſe name was Littleton, they both fell down upon the floor, and the landreſs very naturally fell under her maſter. A barriſter accidentally coming in, and ſeeing them in this ſituation, ſaid, 'This is the beſt *edition* of Cooke 'upon Littleton that I have ever ſeen, but it would have 'been better had it been *in ſheets.*'

A methodiſt was giving a neighbour of his a lecture againſt ſwearing; aſſuring him that if he diſregarded his admonition, and perſiſted in that wicked practice, he would certainly go to hell when he died. 'If I do I'll 'be damn'd,' replied the other.

A young country farmer being at market, ſaw a young woman who was a near neighbour of his at a village about three miles from the market town. After the uſual ſalutations of, How d'ye do John? and how d'ye do Mary? were over, they agreed to accompany each other home. John had a live pig under his arms, and Mary had a large empty butter crock. They had a ſolitary wood to paſs through, and when they had advanced almoſt to the middle of it, Mary lagg'd behind. John aſk'd her the reaſon for walking ſo ſlow, and keeping at ſuch a diſtance. 'Indeed John, ſaid ſhe, 'I am afraid to come near you, now we are in the 'wood, for who knows but ſome wicked thoughts 'may enter your head, and you may attempt to be 'rude, now we are in ſuch a retired place that nobody

'can diſcover us.' 'How could you think any ſuch 'thing? replied John, I have not the leaſt intention 'to be rude;——beſides, ſays he, you know I have a 'live pig under my arm, and have it not in my power 'to attempt to do what you mean.' 'Ah! but you 'men, when you have a mind to gratify your wicked 'will, can always think of methods and ſchemes to 'bring it to bear. How did I know but you might put 'the pig under the butter crock, and then be naughty 'enough to lay me down upon the crock. Such things 'have been done when men have been wantonly in-'clined.' John took the hint, conveyed the pig under the crock, and ſhe upon it: In which ſituation I left them, and though I dare not expreſs it, can eaſily conceive how they amuſed themſelves afterwards.

A journeyman in Fleet-ſtreet was complaining to Jenny his fellow-ſervant, that he had come to a reſolution to leave his maſter, for he was ſo proud, arrogant, and ill-natured, that there was no bearing him. I do not like theſe *ſtiff fellows*, continued he. 'How you 'and I differ in opinion, replied Jenny, now, *I like him, 'becauſe he is ſtiff.*'

A perſon was lamenting that he was frequently afflicted with a violent bleeding of the noſe; an Iriſhman preſent ſaid, the beſt thing you can do will be to *loſe a little blood.*

An Iriſhman called out of a three pair of ſtairs window, to a friend of his whom he ſaw in the ſtreet, and deſired him to come up ſtairs; the other excuſed himſelf, and ſaid he could not poſſibly ſpare time. 'What, 'ſaid the honeſt teague, becauſe I have had misfortunes, 'and am *low in the world*, you are *above coming up* to 'ſee me. When I was in affluence and lived upon a 'ground-floor, you condeſcended to viſit me; but now 'my indigent circumſtances oblige me to live *up in a 'garret*, you *look down upon me.*'

A perſon who was reading the plan of the annuitant ſociety, for the *annual proviſion* of widows, made this objection; 'Suppoſe a man ſhould leave a young wi-

'dow behind him, an *annual provision* will not be ſuffi-
'cient for her; therefore the members ſhould give her
'a ſupply *once a week at leaſt, inſtead of once a year.*'

Mr Iſaacs the Jew, who was lately made a bankrupt, borrowed five hundred pounds of a perſon the very day before he failed. The perſon who had lent him the money, as ſoon as he ſaw his name in the Gazette, went to abuſe him for defrauding him of ſo large a ſum in ſo ſcandalous a manner, when he knew he muſt become a bankrupt in ſo ſhort a time. The Jew bade him be quiet, 'for, ſays he, I tink you ave de obliga-
'tions to me, for *beggar* ven I did aſk you for de five
'ondred pounds, my credit was ſo grande in de varlde,
'that if I had aſk'd you for more dan a touſand pounds
'you would ave let me ad it vid all your art.—So old
'your tongue and be tankful.'

A gentleman went in an hired coach to viſit Mr Foote, when he lived at Weſt-end, near Hampſtead. After the uſual ſalutations were over, he told Mr Foote the motion of the coach had had a remarkable effect upon him, and given him a violent fit of the *Horn-Cholic*. Mr Foote, who perfectly underſtood what he meant by the *Horn Cholic*, deſired he would not acquaint his wife with the circumſtance. 'If you do,' continued he, 'ſhe will inſiſt upon your keeping your
'carriage.'

The ſame facetious gentleman, was relating in company that his friend Mr M——y the council, and Mr Sergeant Wh—tt—er, ſat out together upon the circuit in a poſt chaiſe; but, as they were not ſo eminent as they are now, they met with ſo little encouragement, that they could not afford to return in the ſame manner; therefore *Sergeant Wh—tt—er came back in a ſtage coach and M——y in the baſket.*

A lady, who once paid a viſit to Mr Foote, at his houſe at Weſt-end, near Hampſtead, expreſs'd great ſatisfaction on viewing the garden and its environs; and was remarkable well pleaſed with a *fine piece of water*

as ſhe called it, at the bottom of the garden; though't in fact it was little more than a ditch. 'Pray Mr 'Foote, ſays the lady, how do you get this canal ſup-'plied with water?' 'Madam, replied the humouriſt, '*my maids empty their chamber-pots in it every morning.*

It is ſaid that a lady of pleaſure, who lives in George-ſtreet, and is the daughter of a quack-doctor, that publiſhes medicines for *the cure of a certain diſorder*, never grants any gentleman the favour, without ſtipulating in her agreement, that if they ſhall happen to *receive an injury*, they ſhall *deal with her papa.*

An EPITAPH *upon the unlamented death of a talkative Old Maid.*

Here lyeth the body of M. B. ſpinſter, aged forty-three, who, on the tenth day of Auguſt, 1764. became *ſilent.*

Attornies are to lawyers, what apothecaries are to phyſicians—only they do not deal in *ſcruples.*

A certain theatrical wag, on being informed that lord G——r was to be created a D—e, to wipe away the ſhame of being a cuck—ld, ſaid if he had been created a D—e ſome time ago, this terrible accident might have been prevented, for then ſhe could not have been led aſtray, becauſe ſhe would have been entitled to *her grace.*

A young gentleman having ſpent all the money which he had brought with him from a neighbouring kingdom, made a viſit to a certain bookſeller, with a poem, which he had compoſed *In praiſe of Riches.* The bibliopoliſt, knowing the value of money better than the poet did, offered him a ſmall ſum, but a ſum, not at all inadequate to the intrinſic merit of the piece preſented to him—The poet pocketed the *five ſhillings*, but being determined to keep up the dignity of the *gentleman* at the ſame time, ſaid, 'This is a trifle, Sir, but 'I write merely for my amuſement—were I to *live* by 'writing I ſhould *ſtarve.*'

A citizen's wife, who was apt to tipple a little sometimes, was one summer evening walking out with her husband to take an airing. They had not gone far before the sky appeared very cloudy, and a shower was expected. 'It rains, my dear,' said the wife. 'Not yet, my dear, replied the husband; but I fancy it will not be long first.' 'Indeed Johnny, said the wife, it rains now, for I have just this minute held up my face, and a drop *fell into my eye.*' 'You may imagine so, said the husband, but give me leave to tell you, that you *had a drop in your eye* before you came from home.'

Solon was the person who granted a power to parents of putting their children to death. Who was it that gave them authority to condemn their daughters to a nunnery?

I was acquainted once with a gallant soldier, who assured me that his only measure of courage was this: Upon the first fire, in an engagement, he immediately looked upon himself as *a dead man.* He then bravely fought out the remainder of the day, perfectly regardless of all manner of danger, as became *a dead man.*

So that all the life or limbs he carried back again to bed, he reckoned as clear gains—or, as he himself expressed it, *so much saved out of the fire.*

A person who took a bad moidore, went to an assayer to know the real value of it: After it was assayed, it appeared to be worth twenty shillings; whereupon the owner said *it was a very good bad moidore.*

An Irish gentleman, in company with some friends at a tavern, hearing a person walking up stairs, offered to lay a wager that he knew who was coming. The wager was accepted and won, for the gentleman whom he had named appeared. 'I was sure I should win, said the honest Hibernian, for *I knew the voice of his feet.*'

Mr ——— a gentleman, who was a candidate to represent a borough in the West, got only one vote, and

his opponent upwards of an hundred. A person said he wondered Mr S—— did not demand a scrutiny, as *he lost it but by one.*

The epithets and figures, that some people make use of in telling a story, are truly ridiculous and laughable. A person once related what had happened to him in the following words:—'I was crossing a large field, and 'when I came pretty near the middle, a bull followed 'me, and *roar'd like thunder; I flew like lightning* to 'keep out of his clutches; and being in such a *tedious* '*hurry* in getting over the stile, *I tore my breeches, as if* '*heaven and earth were coming together.*'

The same person speaking of an acquaintance of his, said he was a *prodigious little* man, could walk a *mortal great pace*, that he had a *brave appetite*, and he believed he would live a *deadly long time.*

A gentleman coming from Dartford in a return'd post-chaise overtook upon the road, the celebrated Thomas Tullis, Esq; (commonly called Jack Ketch) who had been to Maidstone to put a period to the lives of some of those persons that were no better than they should be. Soon after they had passed this worthy gentleman, a young man entreated the post-chaise boy to give him a *lift*. 'Have a little patience, said the post boy (pointing to Mr Tullis) 'there's one behind *will* '*give you a lift.*'

A person, speaking of another, said he was *blindly good natured* fellow, that he was *damnation honest*, a *hellish good* husband and *devilish charitable* to the poor.

Not long ago, when there was a very high wind, a convict under sentence of death in Newgate, said to the Ordinary one morning, 'I have not been able to 'sleep a wink all night, for the wind has been so high, 'that I was afraid *our house* would be blown down.'

An Irishman said he was very fond of the *women in general*; but that an *African girl* with whom he got acquainted upon the Golden Coast, pleased him better than all the rest of the *fair sex* put together.

A porter said to a gentleman that he met in Pall-

mall—'Pray, your honour can you tell me where Mr 'Blaſt lives?' 'Mr Blaſt! Blaſt—did you ſay?' replied the gentleman. Yes, *blaſt your honour*, ſaid the porter. This odd connection of words, though not intended to give any offence, ſo irritated the gentleman, that he refuſed to give the porter any information.

What peculiar phraſes ſome people have in converſation! I once went to be amuſed with the debates at the Queen's Arms in Newgate ſtreet, the preſident of which made a frequent and ridiculous uſe of the words *What not?* Speaking of the extravagancy of young tradeſmen, he ſaid, 'Things are got to ſuch a paſs 'now-a-days, that every petty tradeſman muſt be con-'tinually running to Vaux-hall, Ranelagh, or the 'play houſes, and *what not?*—By which means they 'become acquainted with the infamous women of the 'town, and contract bad diſeaſes, and *what not?* By 'theſe means they deſtroy their wealth and conſtitu-'tion, and *what not?* And preſently after they get 'themſelves into a Goal, or the Gazette, and *what* 'not? and perhaps they have a young family at home, 'expoſed to want and beggary, *and what not?*' I could not help ſhewing my approbation of this elegant harangue, which I did in the following words: 'Mr 'Preſident, you are a man of great erudition, ingenuity, 'genius and *what not?*'

A friend of mine is as fond of the phraſe, *things of that kind*, as Mr Preſident was of *what not?* The words *things of that kind*, were terms that he would frequently apply to the moſt oppoſite articles. I'll give you a ſpecimen. 'I am very fond (ſaid he to me) of a *leg* 'of veal or ox cheek, and *things of that kind*; but I abo-'minably hate *roaſt beef*, or *boiled fowl*, or *tripe*, and 'things of that kind. I don't like to ſee your *oratories* 'and puppet-ſhews, and *things of that kind*, but I am 'very fond of *comedies* and *tragedies*, and *things of that* 'kind.' I once propoſed to walk with him to Richmond. 'Nb, replied he, it is too far to walk; let us 'take a *boat* or *coach*, or *ſomething of that kind.*'

He once declared to me that he was quite weary of a *ſingle life*, and was determined to get *married* or *ſomething of that kind*; but if he ſhould happen to expreſs himſelf in ſo coarſe a manner, to the young lady he ſhould happen to addreſs, ſhe would probably give him a denial or *ſomething of that kind.*

A priſoner who was arraign'd at the Old-Baily for a highway robbery, ſaid a great deal in his defence which rather ſeemed to confirm the proof of his guilt, than anſwer any other purpoſe: At the concluſion of his ſpeech he hoped the jury were fully convinced. 'We 'are convinced, replied the foreman, for your words 'carry *conviction* along with them; and I muſt pay you 'the compliment to ſay, that you are *are open to con-* 'viction.'

A gentleman was ſaying that S— F. N—— was not fit for a ch———r, for he not only wanted abilities for that high office, but he was unacquainted with the practice of that court. Beſides, a chancellor ought to be an upright man, continued he, but he is a d—rty fellow, and *capable of any thing*. 'Now have you deſtroyed 'your own argument, replied another, for if he is *cap-* 'able of any thing, he is certainly *capable of holding the* 'S——s.'

A perſon in company ſaid to another, you are a damn'd ſcoundrel.—The other replied, 'Gentlemen, 'you muſt not regard what that man ſays, *he is only* 'talking of himſelf.'

A gentleman in purſuit of a highwayman that had robbed him, at length gave up the chace, and ſaid he rode ſo faſt it was impoſſible to *overtake* him; but I have this ſatisfaction, continued he, that *juſtice will overtake him*, if I cannot.

A young gentleman attempting to get into Drury-lane Playhouſe, found there was ſuch a croud of people that there was no room. Juſt without the door, a damſel of the town accoſted him with 'can't you get 'in, Sir?' To which he replied in the negative. 'If 'you'll go along with me, reſumed ſhe, you may get

'*in* very eaſily, for I can furniſh you with *very good* '*ſtanding room.*'

When Mr Heidegger was formerly maſter of the public amuſements, he declared he gain'd more by one ridotto than by two maſquerades; for he ſaid at the former, ladies with difficulty could be perſuaded even to ſip a glaſs of wine, but with *maſks on the ſame people would drink a bottle.*

Dryden's tranſlation of Virgil being commended by a Right Revd. Biſhop, a witty Earl ſaid, 'The original 'is indeed excellent, but every thing ſuffers *by a tranſ-* '*lation* except a *Biſhop.*'

Sometime before L—d H—d's trip to the continent, when the *public defaulter* was the general ſubject of converſation, as he, his lady, and ſecond ſon were in the coach going to H—d Houſe, my lord aſked his ſon jocoſely, what he would thought of him. The other excuſed himſelf for ſome time, obſerving he might be angry with him if he told him the truth, which the other aſſured him he ſhould not, let it be what it would: 'Why then, Sir, (ſays Mr F——x) they ſay there is 'not a greater——e unhang'd.' 'And pray, Sir, (returned the father with great emotion) where is your 'ſpirit not reſent ſuch an injury?' 'My Lord, replied the ſon, I ſhould by no means want ſpirit to reſent any injury offered my father, as I look upon it the 'ſame as to myſelf; nor ſhould any *ſingle* perſon dare 'to mention it with impunity. But ſurely, my Lord, 'you would not have me fight *every body.*'

One day laſt week a country gentleman, poſſeſſed of a ſmall eſtate in Yorkſhire, being quite tired of having attended the levee of a certain great man for ſeveral years to no purpoſe, waited on his Lordſhip, to let him know that he would give him no farther trouble, as he had juſt got a *place.* My Lord ſhook him heartily by the hand, and told him he was extremely glad of his ſucceſs, making a thouſand apologies at the ſame time for not having had it in his power to reward him according to his merit.——'And pray, Mr S——,

'where is your *place?*' 'In the York machine, my 'Lord; I ſecured it yeſterday, and ſhall ſet off to-mor-'row morning—Your Lordſhip has entirely cured me 'of ambition.'

On a witty Lady's being informed that Lady G——r had been diſcovered in an affair with the D. of C—d, the perſon at the ſame time obſerving to her, that her ladyſhip had ſome years ago been talked of with the Duke of Y——, and that it proved her a moſt *diſloyal wife*—'True, replied the lady, but you muſt allow it 'proves her a very *loyal ſubject*, by ſhewing her *ſteady* 'attachment to the r——l family.'

A phyſician at Bath lately told Mr Foote; that he had a mind to publiſh his poems; but, ſaid he, I have ſo many irons in the fire, I do not know what to do. 'Then take my advice, ſaid Foote, and put your *poems* 'into the fire with the reſt of your irons.'

At a certain chapel, not far from St James's, a courtly miniſter who, as Pope ſays:

'Never mentions *hell* to ears polite,

was on Aſh-Wedneſday put greatly to the bluſh, for his duty compelled him to read the *commination ſervice*, but when he came to pronounce God's denunciation againſt adulterers, he humm'd and haw'd, and it was with the utmoſt difficulty he could read the words, 'Curſed is he that lieth with his neighbour's wife; and the whole congregation were equally polite, for not one of them ſaid *Amen*.

Lord Kaims, in his *Elements of Criticiſm*, hints, that Brutes might become rational, if the uſe of ſpeech was communicated to them.——Pray, are Parrots or Magpies rational? Women are, we know—but would they be leſs ſo, if they ſpoke leſs?

It has been remarked that men are often moſt ſtrongly attached to women who have not one valuable or amiable quality to recommend them. The argument for which muſt then be, that if a man happens

to fall in love *without reaſon*, he can never *have any reaſon* for ceaſing to love.

It is an hard caſe, that the laws ſhould not have made any manner of difference, between *murdering* an honeſt man, and only *executing* a ſcoundrel.—I really think that theſe things ſhould always be rated *ad valorem*.

Pliny ſays, that the crocodile increaſes in ſtrength to its lateſt age, and dies in full vigour.—This would be a good poetical ſimilie for *Avarice*, which

'Grows with our growth, and ſtrengthens with our
'*Weakneſs*.'

A certain nobleman, as famous for his courage as his wit, being a ſhort time ſince at Mrs Cornelly's, having his ſpectacles on, and looking about for ſome of his female acquaintance, in deſpair, thus addreſſed an old ſchool-fellow of his—'Egad, Tom, it's impoſſi-
'ble to meet with a woman one knows; formerly, one
'was ſure of finding ſome of one's female acquaintance
'when they wore their own natural faces—but now,
'they are all in maſquerade; the only difference this
'and that in the Hay-market is, that there they wear
'black velvet maſks; here they conſiſt of white lead
'and vermillion; but the deception is equal.'

A proper ſequel to this anecdote, is what lord C—— ſaid, upon being aſked when lady —— was at court. 'No one has ſeen her *face* here theſe ten years.'

Mr N——, who is famous for ſtory-telling, and who is not always very tenacious of relating nothing but what is ſtrictly matter of fact, was one day aſked by lady T——d, after telling a very improbable tale, that had not gained much applauſe, why he gave his mind ſo much to lying? 'To tell you, for once, the truth,
'my lady, ſaid he, I do it to hold my imagination in
'full practice and keep my hand in;'—beſides, ſaid he, if I were to habituate myſelf to tell truth, I might contradict my former aſſertions.

It is confidently aſſerted of lady ——, that her lord having ſome very ſtrong ſuſpicions of her ladyſhip's infidelity, and even the juſt right his daughters had to call him father, her ladyſhip made this very ſatisfactory declaration, 'I ſolemnly declare, my lord, that you have 'not the leaſt reaſon to doubt of your being their fa-'ther, for I proteſt, before Heaven, that I never injured 'your bed till *after* I was pregnant.'

Mr M—, the ſtock-jobber, publicly declared lately, upon being wiſhed joy on his ſuppoſed marriage, that he ſhould not enter int the joint ſtock of matrimony, till fortunes were *above par*, and proviſions *no price*.

Lady V— lately waited upon Mr Wilkes, in the King's Bench, to entreat him, as a particular favour, for *one Eſſay* on WOMAN; to which the patriot replied, Step, madam, into my bed-room and I'll grant your requeſt immediately.

In Admiral Hawke's laſt engagement with the French, a ſailor on board one of the ſhips had a leg ſhot off, whereupon one of his meſs mates took him down to the ſurgeon, and took his leg off the deck and put it under his arm; he was no ſooner brought down but another of his meſs-mates began ſhaking his head, and telling him he was very ſorry he had loſt a leg. That is a damn'd lie, you ſon of a bitch, replied he, for I have got it under my arm

As Dean Swift was croſſing over the ferry at Dublin, turning himſelf from the paſſengers in the ſtern of the boat, he addreſſed a poor man near him, Well, friend, what profeſſion are you of? I am a taylor, ſir, anſwered the other, not knowing the Dean. Are you married? ſaid Swift. Yes, ſir, replied the taylor, And who wears the breeches? ſaid the Dean. My a—e, anſwered the other.

An old woman who had never ſeen a monkey in her life before, and coming to Bedford market, ſaw one riding on a dog's back, and the dog running away with him: ſays ſhe, I am afraid that young gentleman will

fall by and by, he rides ſo faſt. And when ſhe ſaw he did not, ſhe cried out, Well rid, young gentleman, well rid, young gentleman, in truth he's a good horſeman.

A graceleſs ſon aſked his mother, who was pretty ancient, What ſhe did out of the grave ſo long? I wait to read your dying ſpeech, anſwered the mother.

A ſoldier walking in the Strand one day, obſerved a parrot chattering to herſelf: he aſked the reaſon why ſhe ſcolded ſo: the parrot anſwering him prophetically by ſaying, Get along, you pocky pocky rotten dog. Well, ays the man, I verily believe the bird is a conjurer, or ſhow could ſhe know that?

Dean Swift having preached an aſſize ſermon in Ireland, was afterwards invited to dine with the judges, and having in his diſcourſe conſidered the uſe and abuſe of the law, he had bore a little hard upon thoſe counſellors who pleaded cauſes, which they knew in their conſciences to be wrong: when dinner was over, and the glaſs began to go round, a young barriſter, who happened to be preſent, took occaſion to retort upon the dean, and after many altercations on both ſides, the counſellor aſked him if the devil was to die, whether a parſon might not be found for money who would preach his funeral ſermon? Yes, ſaid Swift, and I would gladly be the man, for I would then give the devil his due, as I have this day done his children.

An Engliſhman and a Scotchman coming in both together to an inn on the road, found nothing to be had but a piece of mutton and a chicken; ſo one would have the chichen and the other would have it, and began to quarrel; the landlady deſired they would be pleaſed to eat it together, but Sawny, whoſe head was building caſtles in the air, ſaid it ſhould be reſerved 'till morning, and he that dreamed the beſt dream ſhould eat it for his breakfaſt. So eating the mutton for their ſuppers they went to bed. The Scotchman could not ſleep one wink for thinking what he ſhould dream. The Engliſhman obſerving where it was ſet aroſe in the night and eat it. The next morning, when both were up, the

Scotchman ſaid very haſtily that he dreamed the beſt dream in the world; that he ſaw the heavens open, and that a choir of angels carried him up to St Andrew in heaven. And ſays the Engliſhman, I dreamed that I ſaw you carried up to heaven, and thinking you would never come down again, I roſe and eat the chicken, for I knew you would have no occaſion for fowl there.

A young fellow playing at queſtion and commands, being commanded to take off a girl's garter, ſhe ran out of the room, he followed her and threw her on the bed—Now, ſays he, I bar ſqueaking: bar ſqueaking, ſays ſhe, you fool, bar the door.

A woman of the town being carried before a juſtice was going to be committed to Bridewell; but ſtepping up to him, whiſpered in his ear, Your worſhip was kinder to me at the Devil Tavern the other night—— Hum, ſays he, was that your father? for his ſake I'll forgive you this time, but take care for the future: and diſmiſſed her.

Twa bonny Scots having juſt got a place at St James's, and being in bed together, one, in his ſleep, baul'd out terribly, which the other hearing, deſired to know what was the matter. Matter, quoth he, mon, I've dreamed a very ugly dream: prithy lod didſt dream of the deel? Na, worſe, quoth Sawny, I dream'd I was tranſported into my ain country, never mare to ſee auld England. Ah mon, ſays Wally, that was very terrible indeed.

A ſailor falling out of the main-top of a man of war, by great good luck, fell plump on his breech unhurt, and looking about him. ſeemingly unconcerned, as if nothing had happened, cry'd, D—n my eyes, what a move that was.

A gentleman one day gave his ſervant a kick on the breech, upon which the fellow let a rouſing fart, his maſter was horribly offended, but the ſervant ſaid, Why zounds ſir, would you knock at a door and have nobody anſwer you.

Two Scotchmen drinking together at an alehouſe, one of them began praiſing his wife, and ſwore he was ſure, if it ſhould be his lot to die firſt, that ſhe would break her heart; but the other laughing at his folly, laid him a wager that if he would ſham dead he would get her conſent to be married to her the very ſame day. The wager was laid, and Sawney ſhamm'd dead ſo well, that his dearly beloved rib began to take on moſt lamentably. Whereupon the other began to take comfort, and aſſured her that he himſelf had been in love with her a long time: with a little kiſſing and coaxing he gained her conſent almoſt in an inſtant --But, ſays he, I have one misfortune which I muſt tell you of for fear you ſhould diſlike me for it afterwards What is that? cried ſhe. Why, anſwered he, I only piſs a-bed every night. Oh! is that all, ſaid madam, why that's a mere nothing; for that naſty, itchy, drunken, cuckoldy dog, who lies dead there, uſed to ſhit a-bed every night.

A poor man going to be tranſported, was aſked in deriſion, by a very ugly fellow, where he was going? Going, ſaid poor Pilgarlick, why I am going to America, among the baboons and monkeys, your relations, have you any meſſage to ſend them?

Two brothers who lived together, favoured one another extremely, and bore the ſame name. A man deſiring to ſpeak with one of them, Which do you aſk for? ſaid the porter. The counſellor, anſwered the man. They are both counſellors. Him that ſquints a little. They both ſquint a little. Him that hath the handſome wife. Both their wives are handſome. Well, then, him that is the cuckold. By my faith, anſwered the porter, I take them both to be cuckolds. Well, ſaid the man, theſe two brothers are ſtrangely fated to reſemble each other.

A Scotchman and an Iriſhman quarrelling together, the Scot called Paddy an impudent bog-trotting ſon of a bitch. Arrah, by my ſhoul, ſays the Iriſhman, impudence is my country's beſt friend, and a great virtue it

s, by my ſalvation, and as natural to us as naſtineſs to Scotchman.

A young fellow in the country, after having an affair with a girl in the neighbourhood, cried, What ſhall I do deſs, if you prove with child? Oh! very well, ſaid ſhe, or I am to be married to-morrow.

A proud parſon and his man riding over a common, aw a ſhepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat n, the parſon aſked him, in a haughty tone, who gave im that coat? The ſame, ſaid the ſhepherd, that cloath-d you, the pariſh. The parſon, nettled at this, rode n murmuring, and then bid his man go back and aſk ne ſhepherd if he would come and live with him, for he anted a fool. The man going accordingly to the epherd, delivered his maſter's meſſage, and conclud-d, as he was ordered, that his maſter wanted a fool. Vhy, are you going away then? ſaid the ſhepherd. No, nſwered the other. Then you may tell your maſter, plied the ſhepherd, his living can't maintain three of s.

A ſchoolmaſter aſking one of his boys, in a ſharp vinter morning, what was Latin for cold? The boy eſitated a little--- What ſirrah, ſaid he, can't you tell? Yes, yes, cried the boy, I have it at my finger-ends.

The late Sir Robert Henley, who was commonly retty much in debt, walking one day with two or three other gentlemen in the park, was accoſted by a radeſman, who took him aſide for a minute or two, and when the baronet rejoined his company, he ſeemed to be in a great paſſion, which his friends taking notice of, aſked what was the matter? Why the raſcal, ſaid he, has been dunning me for money I have owed him theſe ſeven years, with as much impudence as if it was a debt of yeſterday.

A gentleman having a very pretty woman to his wife, in a certain country place, could not forbear being jealous of her having too great an intimacy with (or at leaſt caſting too favourable an eye upon) a young captain in the neighbourhood; and being obliged to go a journ-

ney from home for two or three days, his head ran ſo upon the captain and wife, that after he had got four or five miles, the roughest and dirtiest part of the whole road, he calls to his man, and ordered him to go back to his wife and tell her, that for ſome particular reaſons he deſired ſhe would not ſee the captain in his abſence. The man was very much diſpleaſed at being ſent back through the dirt on ſuch an idle errand, and having a little more diſcernment than his maſter, knew that forbidding a woman to do a thing was oftentimes the ready way to edge her on to it, reſolved not to carry the meſſage. But when he came home, and his lady with great ſurpriſe aſked the reaſon of his return ſo ſoon, and if his maſter was come to any hurt: He anſwered her no, but that his maſter had ſent him back with a very odd meſſage to her, he could not imagine the meaning of it: he deſires, ſaid he, madam, that of all love and kindneſs, you would not ride upon our great Dog, Ball, during his abſence—Ride upon Ball, cried ſhe, the man's mad ſure! Well, well, you may tell him I ſhall hardly diſobey his orders.

The man was no ſooner out of ſight than ſhe called her maid, and told her the ridiculous orders her huſband had ſent her, and that Harry came back four or five miles upon no other account; for my part, continued ſhe, ſuch a thought would never have come into my head, if he had not taken pains to put it there: and now methinks I long to ride upon Ball. Do you think he can carry me? I ſhall never be eaſy till I try —Call him up and we'll try for the joke ſake. Ball was immediately introduced to the parlour, the door ſecured, and madam mounted. The dog, unuſed to ſuch kind of exerciſe, began to exerted his pace round the room ſo faſt that he threw his miſtreſs againſt the fender and gave her a woful cut on the forehead.— The maid, ſeeing the blood, ſcream'd out, the devil take Ball and my maſter too for ſending this meſſage. ——Poor Ball was lock'd out, madam's head bound and all hufh'd. The maſter returned, and finding his

wife in that plight, aſked what was the matter? Matter, ſays the maid, how could you ſend ſuch orders? Why, what orders did I ſend! Why, ſir, you deſired my miſtreſs not to ride upon Ball, and he threw her down and cut her forhead terribly: I'm ſure ſhe would never have thought on ſuch nonſenſe if you had not put it in her head. The maſter, in a ſurpriſe, cried, Ride upon Ball! and running immediately to his man, ſaid, did I bid you tell your miſtreſs not to ride upon the Dog? here ſhe has fell down and broke her brow. Ah, ſir, quoth the man, better her brow be broke than yours horned; had I delivered the meſſage you deſired, ſhe would not have reſted 'till ſhe had ſeen the captain, of which this is a proof. Whatever project enters a woman's mind, good or bad, ſhe will never reſt till ſhe accompliſh it.

A gentleman coming to court in his coach, lighting out of it, aſked a page or lacky that belonged to ſome great perſon, what o'clock it was? To whom the boy ſaid what will you give me and I will tell you? What do you mean by that, ſirrah? ſaid the gentleman. Why, ſir, ſaid the boy, we courtiers do nothing without money.

A very worthy man who had been a lieutenant in a marching regiment eighteen years, meeting with an old acquaintance once, was aſk'd if he was ſtill in the ſame poſt? Yes, ſaid the other, I am ſtill a lieutenant. And do you ever hope to riſe? ſaid the other. Yes, ſaid the ſoldier. But when? ſaid the querift. At doomſday, when every body elſe riſes.

An Iriſhman at Cheſter, upon enquiring of his landlord how he could get to London, and being told he might go in the waggon, he replied, No honey, that won't do, I am always ſea ſick when I ride in a waggon.

A prior [illegible] who had a termagant wife after a long diſpute, in which ſhe was determined to have the laſt word, told her, if that ſhe [illegible]

he would beat her brains out. Why then, rams-horns, you rogue, ſaid ſhe, if I die for it.

An Engliſhman and a Scotchman drinking together in a punch-houſe, the Scotchman gave the health of captain Forbes as a toaſt, which the Engliſhman drank; and when it came to his turn to give a toaſt, he gave Wilkes and Liberty, which the Scotchman refuſed to drink; this ſo enraged the Engliſhman, that he thruſt his finger down his throat and ſpued upon Sawney's new clothes, ſaying, Here, take your damn'd Scotchman again.

A gentleman having lent a guinea for two or three days to a perſon whoſe promiſes he had not much faith in, was very much ſurpriſed to find that he very punctually kept his word with him: the ſame gentleman being ſome time after deſirous of borrowing a larger ſum; no, ſaid the other, you have deceived me once, and I am reſolved you ſhall not do it a ſecond time.

A country parſon having divided his text into two and twenty heads, one of the congregation was getting out of the church in a great hurry; but a neighbour pulled him by the ſleeve, aſked him where he was going? Home for my night-cap, anſwered the firſt, for I find we ſhall ſtay here all night.

King Charles II. being prevailed on by one of his courtiers to knight a very worthleſs fellow of a mean aſpect, when he was going to lay the ſword upon his ſhoulders, the knight drew a little back, and having hung down his head out of countenance; Don't be aſhamed, ſaid the king, 'tis I have the moſt reaſon to be aſhamed.

King Charles the Second, having ordered a new ſuit of clothes to be made, juſt at a time when addreſſes were coming up to him from all parts of the kingdom; Tom Killigrew went to the taylor and ordered him to make a very large pocket on one ſide of the coat, and one ſo ſmall on the other, that the king could hardly get his hand into it; which ſeeming very odd when they

were brought home, the king asked the reason of it, the taylor said Mr Killigrew ordered it so. Killigrew being sent for, and interrogated, said, one pocket was for the addresses of his Majesty's subjects, and the other for the money they would give him.

An English gentleman happening to be in Breknockshire, used to divert himself now and then with shooting, but being suspected by one of the little Welch justices, not to be qualified, his worship told him, That unless he could produce his qualifications he would not allow him to shoot there, and he had two little manors. Yes, sir, said the Englishman, any body my perceive that. Perceive what? cried the Welchman. That you have too little manners, said the other.

A young lady being married to a very wild spark, who had made away with a plentiful estate, and was reduced to some straights, said, very innocently to him one day, my dear, my dear, I want some shifts sadly. Do-me, madam, replied he, how can that be, when we make so many every day.

The following TRIALS are so very droll and humourous, that there needs no apology for inserting them in a work of this Kind that is professedly published to promote mirth and Laughter.

MARY DUN and *Elizabeth Bish*, were indicted for privately stealing a linen bag, one guinea, and 3 l. 19 s. 2 silver, from the person of *John Foster*, on the 16th, of October.

John Foster deposed as follows. About ten at night as I was going to my inn (the Vine within Bishop's-gate)

I met the two prisoners at the bar, and one of them ——that little fresh-coldured wench——I think they call her name *Mab*——took hoold of my arm, and asked me to give her a pint of wine; but I tuold her I shaddent, and so I went an; but it sennifyed nawing for they both followed me, and said, as how they wad give me a pint, as I waddent give them one. Thout I to myself, *theas lasses are main good humour'd by their talk, I'll e'en try what they are maod an.* And so, Sir, I went wi 'em to the Queen's-Yead tavern, and presently they begun to be mortal fond an me. That little tuad *Mab* fling her arms ruond my neck, and fell a hugging and kissing me like a devil, and would neads lay huold of what I had, and I must ooan, that I did moak free with her in the saom way; but, a murrain an her, for a wheadling jead as she was, while she pretended to be so woundy loving, she picked the bag of money out of my pocket. I duddent see the baggage tack it, but I see her give it to *Bun* and *Bun* put it up her cooats, and thear I thuot to find it, but while I was feeling about *Bun*, *Bun* was to cunning for me, and handed it, back to *Mab*, *A devil an 'em* (thouat I), *if theas be their tricks*, and so I begun to mack a plaguy upruor in the house, and some of the foke bruot a comtable, and he found a bag of mony in *Mab's* pocket; and here the bag is, and this is my mark: *J.* for *John*, and *F.* for *Fisher*. I can take my bible ooath to the bag, and the money too, if nead be, for there is one shilling that is newght, and that I can swear to.

—— *Larkin*, the constable. I was sent for to the Queen's-head tavern about midnight. The prosecutor charged the prisoners with picking his pocket of 5 l. they both denied it; but, upon searching them, I found the money in *Mab's* pocket.

Daniel Ford [illegible] was called into the room where the prosecutor, the prisoners, and the constable were, and [illegible] the bag of money from [illegible] [illegible] the prison [illegible]

Mary Bun said, I was not in the room when the money was lost; for the prosecutor promised to give me a pint of wine to go out, while he and *Betty Mob* did their private concerns together.

Elisabeth Mob did not deny that she had the money; but said the prosecutor gave it to her freely.

The jury acquitted *Bun*, and found *Mob* guilty of the indictment, and she received sentence of death; but she pleaded her belly, and a jury of matrons being impannell'd they found her quick with child. She was afterwards reprieved.

MARY HARVEY, alias *Coate*, and *Ann Parker*, of St Botolph without Bishopsgate, were indicted for privately stealing from the person of *Daniel Cassel*, a silver watch, value 7 l. on the 18th of November.

Daniel Cassel. Ass I vas going along von night, vary mary vid de leequor, dese two vomans (de prensonars at de bar) fall in mine vay, and *Mary Harvey* ask me, *Ah mine dear! How you do? Vy, vill you go vid me to mine loshing? Vid all mine arts* told I, and so ve go togader. But when ve come dare, she no find de key of de door. Vel, vat sal ve do now? *Vy*, told de oder voman, *Ann Parker, me ave got von loshing in de Petty-France, ve vill go dare*: So me go vid 'em to dat loshing, up von pair of stairs, and dare *Mary Harvey* and me tumbal upon the bed togader, and den she pick a mine vash out of mine pockate, and give it to *Parker*, and *Parker* you avay vid de vash, and *Harvey* got off de bed, and run avay too.

Court. And did you run after them?

D. C. No.

Court. How so?

D. C. Ah begare! dare vas [illegible] mine breeches vare down about my [illegible] — Vell! den a oder voman come in and ask a me, *Vat vill you give for your vash again? Vy*, me says, *me ave a more Pargent, but me give a you von pot of de beer.* She tell a me, *Dat is too lectel*, and so she go avay again. Den I make de upreer,

and de vashamans, and de coonestauble come in, and dese two vomans at de bar come in after dem. *Veil*, ask a de coonestauble, *Vy make you dis very much noise? Vy, Maitre coonestauble*, me say, *dese vomans are steal a mine vash out of mine pocket*. And den the coonestauble and de vashamans take ve all tree to de coonsuer.

The defence of the prisoners.

Mary Harvey. I met the prosecutor and a woman with him in Bishopsgate-street. He asked me to go and drink, and then carried me to his house in Petty-France. He went up with this other woman, but would not let me go with 'em, and so I staid below in the kitchen. In a little time he sent me down a shilling to fetch two pennyworth of rods, and when I came back, I found the constable and watchmen there. One of the watchmen told me, that the prosecutor said he had lost his watch, but could not be positive who had got it.

Elisabeth Jenkins. I saw the prosecutor and *Harvey*, and another woman, known by the name of *Squinting Abigail*, go into my neighbour's house in Petty-France, and go up stairs together. *Ann Parker* was a servant in the house, and did not go up with them, but staid below to tend the child. The watchman coming in, the prosecutor said that *Harvey* had picked his pocket of his watch, and had given it to *Abigail*. I know *Ann Parker* to be a good honest woman; but she has had the misfortune to have a husband that was acquainted with a pack of brimstone bitches.

The jury acquitted *Parker*, and found *Harvey* guilty of felony. Transportation.

MARGARET WRIGHT, of St Giles in the Fields, was indicted for privately stealing two half guineas from the person of *John Fyshere*, Sept. [illegible]

John Fyshere. In de Newport-street, near de Seven Dial I met vid de prisoner, and say to her, [illegible] *O! mine dear [illegible] Vat [illegible] Dat [illegible] [illegible] Tan [illegible]*

[illegible] dare, and ask a [illegible] me. [illegible] [illegible] *me.* But I no tink dat she vould; so I go to de [illegible] Run, and call for von pint of de vine, and [illegible] tobac; and vile I was smoaking mine pipe, in come Mettres [illegible]. I had got tree shilling in one pockate, and two [illegible] guinea in de order pockate. She [illegible] about mine breeshes; and when I go to pay the reckoning, I no find de money, for de bish had pick a mine pockate.

Court. Are you sure you did not give her the money?

[illegible]. Give her de money! No, I give her noting, and noting I had to give her! for she take every thing out of mine breeshes but mine vash, and I was force to leave [illegible] behind me for de reckoning. Den I call de [illegible] up stair, and ve make a dis woman strip off all her clothes upon de tabel, and seel all about, and searsh avery vare, but no find de money.—Ven den, de coonestauble come and carry us before de Shushee, and he send her to the prisong.

Prisoner. As I was going to see for my husband, at the White-Hart in Leicester fields, I met this Frenchman in Newport-street, and he asked me to take a glass of wine; I thought at first I had known him; but, when we came to the tavern, I found myself mistaken. And there he offered unseemly and shameful things to me, that I strove all I could to get away from him; but he said, if I would not do as he desired, he'd sit me for it, and then he charged me with picking his pocket. But tho' he made me strip myself to the skin, and searched me all over, he could [illegible] nothing about me but what was my own.

The jury acquitted her.

MARGARET FISHER, of St Margaret's Westminster, was indicted for privately stealing thirteen guineas from the person of *Daniel [illegible]*, Sept. 4.

Daniel [illegible]. And seek yer lordship, I had just taken my wages, thirteen guineas in good, and was

gawn alang King-ſtrate in Waſt manſter, when I met wi' this fow quean at the bare, and ſhe ſpeird where I was gawn, and I taud her hame. She ſaid, gen I wad ga wi' hur tull Joanny Davis's hooſe ſhe wad gi'me a drame, ſir, for in troth, ſhe tuck me for a poor gawkey, boſs-headed chiel, and leek yer loardſhip. Sa ſhe tuck haud o'my haind, and lad me a gat I kenna'reet weel. And whan we came tull Joanny Davis's hooſe ſhe caud for muckle beer and brandy, and gard me bung as a ſwobe and leek yee hoanour. I ſtaid there wi'her a pratty while; and thune, ſir, I pit my haind intull my bricks, to feel for money to pay the rackoning; but the deel a bawbie coud I find, for it was aw tint. And when I ſpeird about it, they glowr'd, and taud me gen I wanna tack my ſel awaw, they wad gar me ga, wi' a deel to me; and ſa ſir, they dang me fu' ſair, and turn'd me oot at the back door intull the ſtrate, and I rambled aboot, and cou' na' find the hooſe agen; and the watchmen mat wi'me, and carried me unto the Roond hooſe. And thare I taud 'em how I had been roab'd. The neſt moarning I gaſe and foond oot Joanny Davis's hooſe, but ſhe was rin away and the praſoner too. But a neet, about ſaven a cloke, I mat wi' this impudent betch at the bare, and tuck her up. I ken weel enugh that ſhe muſt ha' my gaud, for na ſaul alſe was wi' me but Joanny Davis, wha brote what we cawd for.

--Let her denee it an ſhe can--Somebody (but I kenna wha it was) oferd me ſax guineas in my haind to mak the matter up, but I wanna tack it.

Priſoner. As I was returning from the camp, I met the proſecutor and a coachman. The coachman aſked me to drink, and we went to Mrs Davis's houſe; but I was not near the proſecutor, for I ſat on t'other ſide of the room, and when I was ſearched, nothing was found upon me.

No body appeared to the priſoner's reputation. The jury found her guilty of the indictment, and ſhe received ſentence of death; but ſhe had the good luck to eſcape hanging, for ſhe pleaded her belly, and a

jury of matrons being impannelled they found her quick with child.

ELIZABETH ANGIER, of St Martin's in the fields, was indicted for stealing a coat, a wig, and other goods, value four pounds, the property of *John Stulker*, in the dwelling-house of William Richards, March 31.

John Stulker. John Dyer hired a lodging, in which I left my coat and wig, and some other odd things. There was a woman came after him, he said she was his sister. They went away the next morning, and took my goods along with them.

John Dyer. When I had taken this lodging, the prisoner asked me if I had nothing that was good in it. I told her there were such and such things; and upon that she said she would come and help to fetch them away; and she was as good as her word. She carried off the coat, and some other odd matters, and I took the wig.

Prisoner. I know nothing of the fact.

Court. Have you any witnesses?

Prisoner. Yes, here's one to my reputation.

Court to the Witness. What is the prisoner's general character?

Witness. I know no harm of her—Its true, she was a receiver of stolen goods.

Court. And you think there was no harm in that.

Prisoner. I don't deny but I kept a Baudy-house, and sometimes a few odd things were left in my care; but then I never wronged man, woman or child.

The jury found her guilty to the value of 10 s. Transportation.

ANN JAMES, of St Sepulchre's was indicted for privately stealing a silver watch, value 40 s. from the person of *William Pugh*.

William Pugh. I went to drink at the shade in Smithfield, the prisoner came in there, and I drank to her, but the landlord spoke to me not to drink to her any

more; I staid there about half an hour, and then going along Chick-lane, she overtook me, and asked me how I did: I said I did not know her. *Not know me, my Dear*, says she, *why you drank to me in the spade, and I drank you for it; and as it is very dark, if you'll be so kind as to see me home, I shall be still more obliged to ye.* She talked so kindly and so prettily, that I could not forbear going home with her. When I came near her house, a watchman bid me take care, and so I laid my hand upon my watch, was sure I had it when I went in a doors with her, tho' if I had not been a fool and a puppy, I had never gone in at all, after I had such fair warning given me; but *when the drink's in, the wit's out*, as the saying is.—I thought myself a mighty wise fellow, and was above taking counsel of any body, and so I went in, and down we sat together upon the bed. She was wonderful sweet upon me, and willing to do any thing in life to oblige me. I staid with her about half an hour, and then got off the bed; but, on being off the bed, the candle fell out, and I was forced to grope in the dark a good while before I could find the door; but at last I got out, and then I missed my watch.

Court. Was no body with you in the room but the prisoner?

Pugh. Not a soul! I never saw nor felt any body but her.

Prisoner. I know nothing of this fellow, nor his watch neither.—He never was in my room, nor did I ever set eyes on him before this blessed day.

The jury acquitted her.

NATHANIEL WOODLAND was indicted for privately stealing from the person of *Sarah Davis*, in the parish of St. Andrews Holborn, four shillings; the money of her husband, *Humphrey Davis*, Oct. 17.

Sarah Davis. As I was going along the street, on Saturday night, I met three men; they began to rough me about like any thing, one of them especially would needs kiss me, and he en let him; for, as the

old saying is, *'Tis better to give a knave a kiss, than to be troubled with him:* But a kiss would not serve his turn truly, for he must thrust his hands down my bosom, [illegible] I said nothing, but stood as quiet as a *lamb*, for I had a great fancy to see how far his impudence would carry [illegible], and with that, sir, without so much as either [illegible] *your leave*, or *by your leave*, the next minute —— [illegible] —— he had his hand under my petticoats, *O, [illegible] are you thereabouts? I find what you want to be at* —— but [illegible] I was mistaken, as you shall hear by and by. —— However, I bore all this with abundance of patience, for I mortally hate to make a fuss and [illegible] and a bawling and a squaling in the street, like I don't know what all, as a great many people do; —— [illegible] not I —— for though I say it that should not say it, if nobody loud a mob and a racket, and an uproar, [illegible] than *Sally Davis*, we should have other gates doing [illegible], than we have, I'll give you my word for it. —— But, as I said, I found [illegible] mistaken in my gentleman, for by and by [illegible], and then thought [illegible] to tell [illegible], and so I did [illegible] such an [illegible], that you [illegible] have [illegible] yourself. Upon which, the watch came to my assistance, and the prisoner was taken, and the [illegible] two men ran away.

But, since the prisoner's [illegible], I have seen a brother of his, who is very [illegible] I can't tell which is which's but, I am sure it was one of them that robbed me.

The jury acquitted him.

SUSAN CRIMES, of St Giles in the Fields, was indicted for privately [illegible] a silver watch, value 5 s. and 25 s. [illegible] the person of *James Fitzgerald*, [illegible].

James [illegible] of last February instant I was [illegible] upon the court, at an alehouse hard by; for I was after having [illegible] as a solisheter; and about eleven o'clock at midnight, by my

ſhoul I waſh got pretty drunk, and waſh going very ſoberly along the Old-Baily, and tare I met te preeſhoner upon te bar, as ſhe waſh going before me. I waſh after aſking her which way ſhe was walking, and ſhe made a laugh upon my ſauſh, and ſhaid Newtoner's-lane. *Arrit ſhy now*, ſhaid I, *you ſhould always have ſhomebody with you when you go ſho far alone, for fear you ſhould [illegible] to no harm.* She ſhaid. *She would be after taking [illegible] along with her, if I would give her any thing. Why [illegible] now my dear ſhoul*, ſhaid I, *you ſhall never fear but I will give you ſomething or other, if I have got nothing myſelf.* Sho we agreed and went together, but not having any deſhign to be conſherned with her, I paid her landlady a ſhilling for a bed.

Court. If you had no mind to be concerned, why did you go home with her?

Fitzgerald. It iſh my way to make love upon a woman in the ſtreets, and go home with her, when I deſhign to be alone.

Court. A very odd way.

Fitzgerald. Tat iſh very true indeed, but it iſh my common practiſh.——————Sho when I had paid for te [illegible], the preeſhoner was after making me ſit upon [illegible] with her, and ſho tumble together, but I waſh after ſitting in the chair; and then ſhe was after coming [illegible] my lap: but I would not let her ſit there, and [illegible] ſhe ſit beſide me: and then I was hoping ſhe would [illegible] that, ſhe would not let me ſit at [illegible] ſhe was after being conſherned with my [illegible] and got my watch out of my pocket, [illegible] and I pull'd, and ſhe pull'd, [illegible] for fear ſhe ſhould get it from me, I let [illegible] and went for a conſtable, and he carried [illegible] to the watch-houſe, where he took the watch from [illegible]

[illegible] The proſecutor met me under New-gate, [illegible] of my arm, and [illegible] me where I was going: I [illegible] to my [illegible] in Charles-ſtreet and deſired him [illegible] about his buſineſs, but he would follow me whe-

ther I would or no. When I came home my landlandy open'd the door, and then I once more defied him to leave me: but, instead of going away, he catch'd hold of my landlady's hand, and swore he would come in and drink with her, for he was sure that he was as welcome as could be: So he sat himself down, and called for two or three quarterns of brandy, and then having no money to pay the reckoning, he pawn'd his watch to her for half a crown. He was so devilish impudent, we were both forced to fall upon our knees, or there would have been no such thing as keeping his hands from under our petticoats. When he saw that, he pluck'd off my handkerchief, and was going up into my bed chamber, telling me that I should not have it again, except I would follow him. I assured him he should wait long enough if he waited till I came. *Why ye bitch*, says he, *if ye won't I'll swear your life away for picking my pocket of the watch that I pawn'd to your landlady; for I am an Irishman, and can swear further than ten Englishmen.* Whereupon I called in the watchman, and so we were both taken in custody.

Court. (*To the prosecutor.*) How come you that pretend to be a solicitor, to make such a mistake, as to indict this woman for stealing your watch privately, and without your knowledge, when, by your own evidence, it appears that she took it violently, and with your knowledge?

Fitzgerald. Why sir, now she had a private design upon my watch, for she took hold of the chain, when I thought she would be after taking hold of something else.

The Jury acquitted the prisoner.

Remarkable ANECDOTES of eminent PERSONS.

ANECDOTE of James I.

QUOTH he, 'Solomon at the age came to the [illegible] England, he took it in his head one day [illegible] to Westminster-hall, to shew his [illegible] of which he had a mean opinion. [illegible] came up, when [illegible] he in the hall, [illegible] such a [illegible] the [illegible] early, [illegible] matter [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] man [illegible] he took [illegible] an high [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

ANECDOTE of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, King of Sweden.

GUSTAVUS happening at a public review to have some dispute with colonel Seaton, an officer in his service, gave him a blow; which the latter resented so highly, that, when the field business was over, he repaired to the king's apartment and demanded his dismission, which his majesty signed, and the colonel withdrew; not a word more being said on the subject by either party. Gustavus, however, having coolly considered the matter, and being informed that Seaton intended to set out the next morning for Denmark, he followed him, attended only by an officer and two or three grooms. When his majesty came to the Danish frontiers, he left all his attendants except one groom; and overtaking Seaton on a large plain, he rode up to him, saying, 'Dismount, sir, that you have been injured, I acknowledge: I am now come to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman. I am now out of my own dominions; Gustavus and you are equals. We have both pistols and swords: alight immediately, and the affair shall be decided.' Seaton, recovering from his surprise, dismounted, as the king had already done, and falling on his knees, said, 'Sire, you have more than given me satisfaction, in condescending to make me your equal: God forbid that my sword should do any mischief to so brave, so great, so gracious a prince. Permit me to return to Stockholm, and allow me the honour to live and die in your service.' The king raised him from the ground, embraced him, and they returned in the most amicable manner to Stockholm, to the astonishment of the whole court.

ANECDOTE of SHAKESPEARE.

In the time of Queen Elisabeth, coaches were uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use.

thoſe that were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horſeback to any diſtant buſineſs or diverſion. Many came on horſeback to the play, and when Shakeſpeare fled to London from the terror of a proſecution, his firſt expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouſe, and hold the horſes of thoſe that had no ſervants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became ſo conſpicuous for his care and readineſs, that in a ſhort time every man, as he alighted, called for Will Shakeſpeare, and ſcarcely any other waiter was truſted with a horſe while Will Shakeſpeare could be had. This was the firſt dawn of better fortune. Shakeſpeare finding more horſes put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inſpection, who, when Will Shakeſpeare was ſummoned, were immediately to preſent themſelves. 'I am Shakeſpeare's boy, Sir.' In time Shakeſpeare found higher employment, but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouſe continued, the waiters that held the horſes retained the appellation of Shakeſpeare's boys.

ANECDOTES of the life of THEODORE King of Corſica. *By the Honourable Horace Walpole, Eſq.*

THEODORE Anthony, baron Newhoff, more remarkable for being the only one of his profeſſion, (of adventurers) who ever obtained a crown, than for acquiring that of Corſica, was born at Metz about the year 1696, and after a variety of intrigues, ſcrapes, and eſcapes in many parts of Europe, and after having attained and loſt a throne, returned in 1748-9 to England, where he had been before about the year 1727. I ſaw him ſoon after his laſt arrival: he was a comely middle ſized man, very reſerved, and affecting much dignity, which he aſſumed in the loweſt ebb of his fortunes, and coupled with the loweſt ſhifts of his induſtry. An inſtance of the former appeared during his laſt reſidence at Florence, where being reduced to

extreme poverty, ſome Engliſh gentlemen made a collection for, and carried it to him. Being apprized of their coming, and having only one chamber in a little miſerable lodging, he ſqueezed his bed to one ſide and placed a chair under the canopy where he ſat to receive the charity.

Being involved here in former and new debts, he for ſome time received benefactions from the earl of Granville, the counteſs of Yarmouth, and others; and after being arreſted, ſome merchants in the city promoted a ſubſcription for him; but he played ſo many pranks, and counterfeited ſo many bonds and debts, that they withdrew their money. He behaved with little more honour when a paper in the WORLD was publiſhed for his benefit. Fifty pounds were raiſed by it, and ſent to his priſon: he pretended to be much diſappointed at not receiving more: his debts, he ſaid, amounted to one thouſand five hundred pounds. He ſent in a few days to Mr Dodſley, the publiſher of the WORLD, to deſire the ſubſcription might be opened again; which being denied, he ſent a lawyer to Mr Dodſley to threaten to proſecute him for the paper, which he pretended had done him great hurt, and prevented ſeveral contributions:

Proculus quæ ruinas regaliter addit. Ovid.

In May 1756, this extraordinary event happened. Theodore, a man who had actually *reigned*, was reduced to take the benefit of the act of inſolvency, and printed the following petition in the Public Advertiſer.

'An addreſs to the Nobility and Gentry of Great-Britain, in behalf of Theodore, baron De Newhoff.

'THE Baron, through a long impriſonment being reduced to very great extremities, his caſe is earneſtly recommended for a contribution to be raiſed, to enable him to return to his own country, having obtained his

liberty by the late act of parliament. In the late war in Italy, the baron gave manifeſt proofs of his attachment for England; and as the motives of his coming here are well known, it is hoped all true friends to freedom will be excited to aſſiſt a brave, though unfortunate man, who wiſhes to have an opportunity of teſtifying his gratitude to the Britiſh nation.

'Thoſe who are pleaſed to contribute on this occaſion, are deſired to depoſite their benefactions in the hands of Sir Charles Aſgyll, alderman, and company, bankers in Lombard-ſtreet; or with Meſſrs Campbell and Coutts, bankers, in the Strand.'

Theodore, however, remained in the liberties of the Fleet till December, 1756, when taking a chair, for which he had not money to pay, he went to the Portugueſe miniſter's, in Audley-ſtreet; but not finding him at home, the baron prevailed on the chairman to carry him to a taylor's in Chapel-ſtreet, Soho, who having formerly known him, and pitying his diſtreſs, lodged him in his houſe. Theodore fell ill there the next day, and dying in a few days, was buried in the church-yard of St Anne, in that parish.

A ſtrong peculiarity of circumſtances attended him to the laſt. His manner of obtaining his liberty was not ſo extraordinary as what attended it. Going to Guildhall to demand the benefit of the act, he was aſked, 'What effects he had?' he anſwered, 'Nothing but 'the kingdom of Corſica!' It was accordingly regiſtered for the benefit of his creditors.

So ſingular a deſtiny was thought worthy of a memorial, that might point out the chief adventures, and even the place of interment, of this remarkable perſonage. The author of this memoir erected a marble near his grave, with a crown, taken from one of his coins, and with an inſcription, which, though it has before appeared in print, as it is intimately connected with the ſubject, we ſhall here [illegible]

Near this Place is interred
Theodore, *King of* Corſica,
Who died in this Pariſh, December 11, 1756.
Immediately after leaving the King's-Bench, *Priſon,*
By the Benefit of the Act of Inſolvency:
In Conſequence of which he reſigned
His Kingdom of Corſica,
For the Uſe of his Creditors.

The Grave, great Teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and Beggars, Galley-Slaves and Kings.
But Theodore this Moral learn'd, 'ere dead;
Fate pour'd its Leſſons on his living Head,
Beſtow'd a kingdom, and deny'd him Bread.

ANECDOTE of the late D. of Cumberland.

HIS royal Highneſs was ſome years ago at Newmarket, and juſt before the horſes ſtarted he miſſed his pocket-book, containing ſome bank notes. When the knowing ones came about him, and offered him ſeveral bets, he ſaid, 'He had loſt his money 'already, and could not afford to venture any more 'that day.' The horſe which the Duke had intended to back was diſtanced, ſo he conſoled himſelf that the loſs of his pocket-book was only a temporary evil, as he ſhould have paid away as much had he betted to the *wonders of the turf.* The race was no ſooner finiſhed than a veteran half-pay officer preſented his royal Highneſs with his pocket book, ſaying, he had found it near the ſtand; but had not an opportunity of approaching him before: when the Duke merrily replied, 'I am glad it has fallen into ſuch good hands: keep it: 'had it not been for this accident, it would have been 'by this time diſperſed among the *black legs* and thieves 'of Newmarket.'

ANECDOTE of the pretended Marquis D'ALBRUCE.

THE laſt duke of Zell married a French lady of an ancient family in Poitou, of the name of D'Albruce; ſhe had filled the court, and the little army of the duke her huſband with Frenchmen who were more conſidered than the natives. They thought themſelves at home; and one of them having obſerved, that out of twelve who dined with the duke, that prince was the only German amongſt them, *it is very remarkable, my lord*, ſaid he, in addreſſing his maſter, *that you are the only foreigner here*. The gallantries and misfortunes of the daughter of this laſt duke and mademoiſelle D'Albruce, made a great noiſe in the beginning of this century. She had been promiſed to Auguſtus William, hereditary prince of Brunſwick Wolffenbuttle; but the duke her father was prevailed on by the intrigues of the princeſs Sophia, ducheſs of Hanover, to marry her againſt her inclination, and her mother's intreaties, to George Lewis, hereditary prince of Hanover, afterwards king of Great-Britain. She was not ſixteen years old when ſhe married that prince. Upon the diſcovery of her amours with count Konigſmark, who was ſacrificed in a ſavage manner to the furious jealouſy and implacable reſentment of the duke, ſhe was confined in the caſtle of Ahlen, where ſhe died in the year 1703, after ſix and thirty years captivity.

A faſhionable French friſeur, who had learned the polite jargon and the foppiſh airs of the petit maitres, his cuſtomers at Paris, with a good ſhare of effrontry, came to London, reſolved to take advantage of the credulity of the Engliſh nation. Though he was deſtitute of clothes and money, he ſoon conquered theſe difficulties, by aſſuming the name of marquis D'Albruce, obliged to fly his native country for a duel, thus diſguiſed in rags. Having extorted by that lamentable ſtory a ſufficient ſum from charitable people to buy decent clothes in Mumouth-ſtreet, he attended the

levee of the late duke of Newcaſtle, and announced himſelf as marquis of D'Albruce. The duke treated him according to the rank he perſonated, and adviſed him to wait upon the duke de Mirepoix, ambaſſador from France. The ſly adventurer declined the propoſal, under pretence of ſome diſputes between the two families. However, the duke de Mirepoix, having been informed of this impoſtor's viſits to many great people, declared publicly, that the houſe of D'Albruce was extinct, and that this man was *fileu*. However, the duke of Newcaſtle was ſo infatuated by the genteel manners and fulſome compliments of the marquis, that he introduced him as ſuch to king George II. who, notwithſtanding his circumſpection in admitting perſons unknown to his preſence, received him moſt graciouſly. Thus acknowledged, he reſorted to all the moſt elegant public places, and viſited perſons of the higheſt diſtinction: he danced once at court with the princeſs Amelia, and having run the gauntlet through all the brilliant routs and diverſions, and contracted debts under that forged title to a conſiderable amount, his impoſture being detected by a foreign nobleman, he was forced to take a *French Leave* of the kingdom.

ANECDOTE of Mr GAY.

SOON after Mr Gay had compoſed his tragedy called *The Captives*, he had intereſt enough with the late queen Caroline, then princeſs of Wales, to excite her royal highneſs's curioſity to hear him read it to her at Leiceſter-houſe. The day was fixed, and Mr Gay was commanded to attend. He waited ſome time in a preſence-chamber with his play in his hand; but being a very modeſt man, and unequal to the trial he was going to, when the door of the drawing-room, where the princeſs ſat with her ladies, was opened for his entrance, he was ſo much confuſed, and concerned about making his proper obeiſance, that he did not ſee a low footſtool that happened to be near him,

and ſtumbling over it, he fell againſt a large ſcreen, which he overſet, and threw the ladies into no ſmall diſorder. Her royal highneſs's great goodneſs ſoon reconciled this whimſical accident, but the unlucky author was not ſo ſoon clear of his confuſion.

A Remarkable ANECDOTE.

IN travelling ſome time ſince on the borders between Yorkſhire and Cumberland, a very deſolate country, I diſcovered a hut ſituated in a deep hollow, and rode up to it, in order to enquire the way. On my knocking at the door, a miſerable, dirty woman appeared, and after anſwering my queſtions, with regard to the road, deſired I would alight and come in, that ſhe might ſhew me a *catiff* ſhe had in her houſe. The term was new to me, and from the uncouth ſound, I imagined there might be danger in my complying with her requeſt; but I afterwards learned that it is a provincial term, and ſignifies a miſerable object. Curioſity, however, at laſt prevailed, and ſummoning all the courage I was maſter of, entered the poor woman's clay-built cottage, and having paſſed through the firſt room, we came into a dark place, which recalled all my fears; when the woman pulled a few billets from a hole in the wall, whereby light ſufficient entered this ſolitary habitation to diſcover a miſerable object indeed. On a bedſtead, covered with nothing but ſtraw, lay a young perſon greatly emaciated, and with hardly any ſigns of life, tho' her age did not appear to be above ſixteen. She took no notice of us, but ſeemed wholly abſorbed in the grief that preyed upon her heart. I aſked her ſeveral queſtions, but could get no anſwer. It was eaſy to diſcover, that no long before ſhe had been extremely handſome, tho' now the roſes and lilies were faded, and a deadly paleneſs covered her face. On one ſide of her lay a fine night gown, which indicated that ſhe had once been genteelly dreſt; and over her was thrown a tattered blanket. When I found that my enquiries

were fruitless, I retired with my guide, from whom I learned, that a gentleman, who had once before called at her cottage, when he was shooting on the moor, brought the catiff to her house, and gave her money to take care of the poor gentlewoman, promising to return in a very little time: but she had never seen him since: adding, that she was persuaded the catiff had been delivered of a child before she came. This was all the information I could procure, and night coming on a-pace, I left the solitary mansion, with a heart oppressed with grief; nor could I ever again find this miserable cottage, though I more than once attempted it. From the many miles I rode before I reached the first town, I am persuaded it must be situated a very considerable distance from the high-road.

Mr Hamilton, a youth of fortune, in the county of ——, made the Tour of Europe in company with two other young gentlemen; one of whom resided in an adjacent county, and the other in his own neighbourhood: some time after their return, the latter met Mr Hamilton at a horse-race; and a quarrel ensuing, Mr Hamilton, who was remarkably conscientious, and at the same time entertained a very great regard for his fellow-traveller, thought proper, in order to avoid the ill consequences that might ensue, to mount his horse and return home, where he related the substance of the quarrel to his father, and the method he had taken, in order to prevent any accident that might prove fatal either to himself or his friend. The old gentleman, instead of commending the prudence of his son, broke out into a violent passion, and, with an emphasis that indicated the highest displeasure, cried out, 'Have I been 'at so large an expence in your education, that you 'should return home a coward, to the disgrace of my 'family?' It was in vain Mr Hamilton objected, that had he followed the dictates of passion, and what the worldly falsely calls honour, one, if not both, would, in all probability, have perished. His father was dear to remonstrances, he insisted on his returning, and wip-

ing out the ſlain he had fixed on the family. The ſon obeyed, and came time enough to find his friend, to whom he gave a challenge, and killed him. As ſoon as the ſanguinary act was performed, he mounted his horſe and rode full ſpeed to his father, telling him, that, in obedience to his commands, he had fought and killed his friend, and was now the moſt miſerable of the human ſpecies. The old gentleman immediately ſaw his error, but it was too late: the bloody action was performed, and the dead regiſtered in the court of heaven. As the young gentleman returned without any ſervant, his father to prevent diſcovery, conducted him to an ancient vault underneath a part of the houſe, from whence there was a ſubterranean paſſage to an adjacent wood. In this dark abode Mr Hamilton lived, excluded from all human ſociety, except that of his father, who viſited him as often as poſſible, and brought him proviſions and other neceſſaries for his ſubſiſtance. The young gentleman uſed frequently, when night had wrapped the world in repoſe, to creep through the ſubterraneous paſſage, to breathe the freſh air; and was often importuned by his father to retire beyond the ſeas, where he might live at large and enjoy the pleaſures of an ample fortune. But all his remonſtrances were in vain; a deep melancholy preyed upon his mind, and ſometimes deprived him of his ſenſes. In this manner he lived many years. At laſt his father died; but not before he had intruſted the ſecret to a faithful ſervant, who performed all the offices neceſſary to the exiſtence of this unhappy man; who in time began to get the better of his melancholy, and being very indifferent about life, would often walk about the wood in the duſk of the evening. Several perſons had ſeen him in theſe incurſions; and being emaciated with grief and confinement, his viſage pale, his eyes hollow, his beard and hair of a prodigious length, and all diſhevelled, they were terrified at the ſight, and reported they had ſeen a wild man in the wood. One evening he had wandered to ſome diſtance from the houſe, and met

veller fleing him, rode after him to enquire his way. It was now in vain to fly; the gentleman overtook him; but being terrified by a nearer view, desired, in a trembling accent, that if he was a man, he would direct him in the road, having travelled many miles without knowing where he was, or discovering any habitation. Mr Hamilton immediately recollected the features of this gentleman, who was no other than Mr. L——, his other fellow-traveller. On which he called him by his name; and after some difficulty, convinced his friend that he had nothing to fear, by informing him who he was, and relating the cause that excluded him from society. The astonishment of Mr L—— cannot be described: he listened with attention to the account he gave him of the manner in which he had passed his time since the fatal duel, and it was at last agreed that Mr Hamilton should accompany Mr L—— to his seat in the county of ——, where he continued till the day of his death, which happened soon after.

ANECDOTE of Dr GEORGE BULL, late Bishop of St DAVID'S.

DR Bull was frequently accosted by an eminent preacher among the Quakers, on the inutility of literature to the knowledge of the Scripture; and once, more particularly, said to him 'George, as for human learning, I set no value upon it; but if thou will talk scripture, have at thee!' upon which Mr Bull, willing to correct his confidence, and to shew him how unable he was to support his pretensions, answered him, 'Come on then, friend!' So opening the Bible, which lay before them, he fell upon the book of Proverbs. 'Seest thou, friend, said he, Solomon saith in one 'place, *Answer a fool according to his folly*; and in another place, *Answer not a fool according to his folly*: how dost thou reconcile these two texts of Scripture?' 'Why, said the other, Solomon did say so.' To which Mr Bull [illegible]

'he doth;' and turning to the place, he soon convinced him; upon which the Quaker being much out of countenance, said, 'Why, then Solomon's a fool.'

A humourous ANECDOTE of the late Duke of ——.

THE Duke of ——, going one morning to call on Mr G——, his lawyer, who had chambers in the Temple, found him under the hands of his barber. Throwing himself, therefore, into a chair, he took up a pamphlet which lay on the table before him, and amused himself with skimming the pages of it till Hone had finished his operations upon Mr G——'s face.

The duke, then, having laid down the pamphlet and stroked his chin, started up and said to Hone, 'Come, 'friend, get your things ready to shave *me*.'

He accordingly, obeyed the duke with alacrity, (being no stranger to his grace's person) and shaved him to his satisfaction.

The duke, then, having wiped his face, and replaced his wig before the glass, put his hand into his pocket; but drawing it out again hastily, expressed no small uneasiness because he had no money to pay for the removal of his beard.

'O, and please your grace,' said Hone, simpering, 'it is no matter, your grace is very welcome.'

'Yes, but it is though,' replied the duke——'I 'hate to be in debt——therefore come——sit down in 'that chair, and I will shave *you*, and then we shall be 'even.'—(winking at the same to Mr G——)

Hone looked rather foolish, and made some awkward speeches; but they were of no service to him——The duke was peremptory, so down he sat.

The duke went to work with much mock solemnity: and having scarified the poor fellows face in such a manner as to make him a frightful figure, cried, 'There, friend, now I am out of debt,' and ran down stairs laughing ready to burst his sides. However, not being ill natured, though very wild-

ſical man, he clapped a piece of money into Hone's hand before he left the room, which would, he imagined, make ſufficient amends for any diſquietude he might feel from the temporary demolition of his beauty. Hone was fair and broad-viſaged, and made a comely appearance; but he was a coxcomb: the duke, therefore, was probably urged by a deſire to mortify his vanity a little, by playing off a ſtroke of waggery peculiar to himſelf.

Some authentic ANECDOTES of Mr POPE.

MR Pope was born in Lombard-ſtreet, London, in a houſe where a few years ago reſided Mr Morgan, an apothecary.

Pope, when very young, was introduced as a maker of verſes to Dryden, who gave him a ſhilling for the verſion of the ſtory of Piramus and Thiſbe.

Pope wrote his Ode on Muſic, at the deſire and inſtigation of Steele, who uſed to prefer it to Dryden's. It was ſet to muſic by Dr Greene.

Pope ſpent ſome time in writing a tragedy called Timoleon; but did not ſucceed in the attempt.

ANECDOTE of Dr GARTH.

WHILE Dr Garth was detained in his chariot one day in a little ſtreet near Covent-Garden, by an *embarras* ariſing from a bloody battle between two female bruiſers, an old woman hobbled up out of a cellar, and begged him for God's ſake to *take a look* at her poor huſband, who was in a *mortal bad way*; adding, 'I know you are a ſweet tempered gentleman, as well 'as a *able* doctor, and therefore make *bold* to *ax* your 'advice, for which I ſhall be *obligated* to you as long 'as I live.'

The doctor, whoſe good nature was really equal to his medical knowledge, inſtead of being offended at the old woman's redundant addreſs to him, alighted his chariot immediately, and followed her to her huſband's

but finding by his appearance that he wanted *food* more than *phyſic*, and having reaſon to believe, from the anſwers which they both returned to his queſtions, that they deſerved his charity as much as they had excited his compaſſion, ſat down and wrote a draft on his banker for ten pounds.

ANECDOTE of Lady C——e.

LORD G——r had by his irregularity brought his health into a very critical ſtate, and his phyſicians recommended matrimony to him, as the moſt certain method of living regularly: he accordingly formed a reſolution of offering his hand to the firſt woman he could fancy, when being one day in ſpring in Kenſington Gardens, and a heavy ſhower falling, he was obliged to take ſhelter in the ſame covered ſeat as two ladies, one of whom was Miſs V——n. A converſation enſued, in which he aſked the ladies if they had a carriage, to which they replying in the negative, he intreated them to take part of his to convey them to town, which, with little intreaty, they accepted. On their way to to town, Miſs V——n ſaid ſhe thought it was the eaſieſt carriage ſhe ever had been in, to which his lordſhip politely replied, 'She might be the miſtreſs of it whenever ſhe pleaſed.' Miſs V—— bluſhed and thanked him, and they were married within a month from that day.

ANECDOTE of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene.

THE immortal author of Telemachus has certainly proved how much virtue, united to great talents, has a ſway over the human heart; it knows how to conquer thoſe natural prejudices that have taken the deepeſt hold, and reconcile the moſt barbarous enemies. Marlborough and Eugene, in the wars of Queen Anne, whilſt they ravaged all before them, gave ſtrict orders to ſpare the lands and eſtates depending on

the illuſtrious archbiſhop of Cambray: that name alone, ſo dear to humanity, was a ſafe guard to whoſoever pronounced it; and what is ſtill more aſtoniſhing, even the ſoldiers had no need of the examples and orders of their officers, to take in favour of Fenelon thoſe ſentiments of mildneſs and veneration, a ſight very delightful to a truly philoſophic mind. While a third part of Europe were embroiled in war, there was a little ſpot in France, which under the ſole guardianſhip of genius and candour, felt the advantages of an unalterable peace. O reward of merit! preferable to all thoſe frivolous marks of honour, which are ſo little real in the eyes of the judicious! and how Fenelon muſt have been touched by ſuch a flattering reward; the only one, it is certain, which could recompenſe what human acknowledgements owed him.

An odd ANECDOTE of an Earl of Suffolk.

EDWARD Howard, earl of Suffolk, with great inclination to verſify, and ſome derangement of his intellects, was ſo unlucky as not to have his *furor* of the true poetic ſort. A gentleman on his firſt appearance as an author, was ſent for by this lord to his houſe. His lordſhip told him that he employed many of his idle hours in poetry, but that having the misfortune to be of the ſame name with the honourable Edward Howard, ſo much ridiculed in the laſt age, no printer would meddle with his works, which he therefore deſired the gentleman to recommend to ſome of the profeſſion of his acquaintance. The gentleman excuſed himſelf as well as he could: the earl then began to read ſome of his verſes, but coming to the deſcription of a beautiful woman, he ſuddenly ſtopped, and ſaid, 'I am not like moſt poets, Sir; I do not draw from 'ideal miſtreſſes, I always have my ſubject before me.' Then ringing his bell, he ſaid to a footman, 'Call up 'five eyes.' A woman of the town appeared. 'Five 'eyes,' ſaid the earl, 'look full on this gentleman:'

ſhe did, and retired. Two or three others of the ſeraglio were ſummoned in their turns, and diſplayed the reſpective charms for which they had been diſtinguiſhed by his lordſhip's pen.

ANECDOTE of FRANCIS, Duke of Brittany.

FRANCIS, duke of Brittany, one of the moſt accompliſhed and valiant perſons in the age in which he lived, the age of romantic gallantry, uſed to ſay, That he liked the princeſs of Scotland, to whom he was a ſuitor, the better for being quite illiterate, as a woman was wiſe enough who knew her huſband's ſhirt from his doublet.

ANECDOTE of the Ducheſs of K——ton.

WHEN the ducheſs of K——n was Miſs C—h, ſhe was diſappointed in love, and her admirer having married another lady, ſhe grieved ſo much, that ſhe kept her bed for ſome weeks. Her phyſician ordered her a preſcription, which, by an error of the apothecary, was compoſed of a great quantity of laudanum, which threw her into a ſleep of two days and two nights. The ill natured world gave out that ſhe had poiſoned herſelf; but lord Cheſterfield, who always vindicated her, contradicted the report wherever he went, and hearing her falſe lover relate the ſtory, he told him, 'My lord, you have endeavoured to poi-'ſon every hour of the life of ſo amiable a woman, but 'in vain, and you are now mean enough to ſtab her re-'putation.'

Humourous Epigrams, &c.

On the Death of an Epicure.

AT length, my friends, the *feaſt* of life is o'er;
I've eat ſufficient—and I'll drink no more:
My night is come; I've ſpent a jovial day;
'Tis time to part; but oh! what is to pay?

Diogenes to Ariſtippus.

CLOY'D with ragouts, you ſcorn my ſimple food;
And think good-eating is man's only good:
I aſk no more than temperance can give;
You live to eat, I only eat—to live.

The empty Gun.

AS Dick and Tom in fierce diſpute engage,
And, face to face, the noiſy conteſt wage;
'Don't *cock* your chin at me,' Dick ſmartly cries:
'Fear not—his head's not *charg*'d,' a friend replies.

On a Diſpute between Dr Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller.

SIR Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common way
Into one common garden—and each had a key.
Quoth Kneller, 'I'll certainly ſtop up the door,
'If ever I find it unlock'd any more.'
'Your threats, replies Radcliffe, diſturb not my eaſe;
'And, ſo you don't *paint* it, e'en do what you pleaſe.'
'You're ſmart, rejoins Kneller; but ſay what you will,
'I'll *take* any thing *from you*—but potion or pill.'

A Clown's Apology to the Doctor.

AS honeſt Richard, a ſubſtantial clown,
Had brought his corn, one market-day, to town,
He met the doctor, who look'd vaſtly big,
And ſternly frown'd beneath his awful wig.
The clown, whoſe heart ſtill ran upon his treaſure:
Thus gueſs'd the cauſe of Syrinx's diſpleaſure:
'I han't been lately at your ſhop, quoth Dick;
'But don't be angry—for I han't been ſick.'

The Doctor's Arms.

A Doctor, who, for want of ſkill,
Did ſeldom cure—but ſometimes kill;
Contriv'd at length, by many a puff,
And many a bottle filled with *ſtuff*,
To raiſe his fortune, and his pride;
And in a coach forſooth! muſt ride.
His family coat, long ſince worn out,
What arms to take was all the doubt.
A friend, conſulted on the caſe,
Thus anſwer'd, with a ſly grimace:
'Take ſome device in your own way,
'Neither too ſolemn nor too gay;
'Three Ducks, ſuppoſe; white, grey or black;
'And let your motto be *Quack! Quack!*'

A Court-Audience.

OLD South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second,
But much too ſerious for a court,
Who at all preaching made a ſport:
He ſoon perceiv'd his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The doctor ſtopp'd; began to call,
'Pray 'wake the earl of Lauderdale:
'My lord! why, 'tis a monſtrous thing!
'You ſnore ſo loud—you'll 'wake the king.'

To ——— ———, Esq; *Antiquary and F. R. S.*

GIVE me the thing that's pretty, odd, and new;
All ugly, old, odd things—I leave to you.

The Country-house.

SICK of the noise and smoke of town,
Old Simon, fat and wealthy grown,
Resolv'd to seek some *snug retreat*,
And build himself a country-seat.
One day, in his perambulation,
He spies a tempting situation.
The house perhaps you oft have seen,
Fast by the road of Turnham-green:
Seven windows in the front are thrust,
Spite of the sunshine and the dust:
The road a chearful prospect yields;
The walls are blank that face the fields.
Twice ten stage-coaches, twice a day,
Here from and to the town convey
Old gouty cronies of the city,
Who, in the country, wax full witty:
Whole summer's days they sit and smoke,
And on poor travellers crack their joke.
Our cit, the stage conveys to town,
And in the ev'ning brings him down:
For Simon's heart, nor think it strange,
Still hankers after the exchange:
And thrice a week he must peruse
The Chronicles and London news.
His conversation thus supplies
With murthers, rapes, and robberies,
The price of stocks—and bankruptcies.
Thus does our friend, from day to day,
Contrive to huddle life away:
And thus this country-mouse you see
Still busy—as a summer's bee.

'Is this, said I, your *flag retreat?*
'I'd rather live in Newgate-ſtreet;
'Or if, forſooth! one *muſt* be chapping,
'I'd take a country-houſe—at Wapping.'

An Incident in High Life.

THE *Bucks* had din'd, and deep in council ſat;
Their wine was brilliant—but their wit grew flat:
Up ſtarts his lordſhip, to the window flies,
And how! 'a race! a race!' in rapture cries;
'Where?' quoth Sir John: 'Why ſee! two drops of
'rain
'Start from the ſummit of the cryſtal pane:
'A thouſand pounds! which drop with nimbleſt force
'Performs its current down the ſlippery courſe?'
The betts were fixed; in dire ſuſpence they wait
For victory, pendant on the nod of fate.
Now down the ſaſh, unconſcious of the prize,
The bubbles roll—like pearls from Cloe's eyes.
But ah! the glittering joys of life are ſhort!—
How oft two joſtling ſteeds have ſpoil'd the ſport!
Lo! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
Th' approaching drops into *one* bubble draws.
Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project croſs'd;
How hard their lot who neither won nor loſt!

The innocent THEFT: *To the Rev. Dr* ——.

YOU tell us, Doctor, 'tis a ſin to *ſteal*;
We to your *practice* from your *text* appeal,
You *ſteal* a ſermon, *ſteal* a nap; and, pray,
From dull companions don't you *ſteal* away?

An œconomical Reflection: *From an Inſcription in Scarron.*

ALL mortal things are frail—and *go to rot*;
What wonder then that mortal trowſers rot?
My velvet torn, I ſhone in mimic ſhag;
Thoſe ſoon grew ruſty—and *began to flag*.

Leather I hate: Nankeen was something queer;
Camblet was airy—but how apt to tear!
Quoth I, Sir Pricklouse, shall we try a rug?——
'Yes, Sir, says he; those sure will hold a tug.'
Ah! the rug decay'd, like all the past;
Even *ever-lasting* would not ever last.
What must be done, my friend?—'Why, Sir, in troth,
'With projects tired—I'd stick to common cloth.'

The thrifty Garreteer.

YOU often pity honest Ned,
Condemn'd, it seems, to write for *bread*,
His lib'ral soul, till Dodsley pays,
Still doom'd to fast—or chew the bays.
Yet, by that jovial, ruddy look,
Not gain'd by poring o'er his book;
The clammy ale, his table spilt on;
The tankard cover'd with a Milton;
By all these tokens, Ned, I fear,
Writes not so much for *bread*—as *beer*.

A reasonable Satisfaction: *Imitated from Sir T. More.*

WHILST glory's cause, two long campaigns,
Thraso in distant climes detains;
His wife had fixed her sad retreat
Contiguous to Sir Harry's seat;
Who, in mere pity to her case,
Kind [illegible] supplied the husband's place.
[illegible] return'd, the tale transpires
Revenge the Captain's bosom fires,
He takes his sword, intent on blood,
And meets the knight behind a wood.
'See [illegible],' quoth he, 'say, on thy life,
'Hast thou presum'd to kiss *my* wife?'
The knight, unmov'd by Thraso's rant,
Reply'd, and grasp'd his oaken plant,

* A [illegible]

'Why, really, Sir, 'twixt me and you,
'The thing you hint at's very true.'
'You own it then!—oh! very well—
'Or elſe by all the dev'ls in hell,
'But that thou haſt the fact *confeſt*,
'This truſty ſword had pierc'd thy breaſt.'

On the Statue of Venus by Praxiteles.

ANCHISES, Paris, and Adonis too
Have ſeen me naked, and expos'd to view:
All theſe I own, 'tis paſt denying——
But where has this Praxiteles been *prying*?

From the Latin of Martial. *Lib.* 1. *Epig.* 9. *By Mr Hay.*

THAT you, like Thraſea, or like Cato, great,
Purſue their maxims, but decline their fate;
Nor raſhly point the dagger to your heart;
More to *my* wiſh you act the Roman's part.
I like not him, who fame by *death* retrieves:
Give *me* the man, who merits praiſe, and lives.

From Martial.

WHEN all the bleſſings of life are gone,
The coward creeps to death—The brave lives on.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN Perſis heard, with grief her lord was dead;
And the keen dagger fought in vain; ſhe ſaid,
'Think ye the means are wanting to expire?
'Are you ſo ill inſtructed by my ſire?'
The burning coals then greedily devour'd;
And cried, 'Unkind attendants! *keep* the ſword!'

Under the Statue of Edward VI. at St Thomas Hospital.

ON Edward's brow no laurels cast a shade,
Nor at his feet are warlike spoils display'd
Yet here, since first his bounty rais'd the pile,
The lame grow active, and the languid smile:
See this, ye chiefs, and, struck with envy, pine;
To kill is brutal, but to save, divine.

To Mr Poyntz, on his Picture. *By Lord Lyttleton.*

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz! but who shall find
A hand or colours to express thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
In a false world that *dares* to be sincere;
Wise without art; without ambition great;
Tho' firm, yet pliant; active, tho' sedate;
With all the richest stores of learning fraught;
Yet better still by native prudence taught:
That fond the griefs of the distrss'd to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel:
That, where misfortune su'd, ne'er sought to know,
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe:
That fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause;
That, to his own perfections singly blind,
Would—for another—think this praise design'd.

On Miss Bidy Floyd. *By Dr Swift.*

WHEN Cupid did his grandsire Jove intreat
To form some duty by a new receipt;
Jove sent and found, far in a country scene,
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene;
From with ingredients first the dextrous boy
Pick'd the demure, the aukward and the coy.
The graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:

These Venus cleans'd from every spurious grain,
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain:
Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy composition, *Floyd*.

To an English Lady at Paris.

WHILST haughty Galia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Behold this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms, divinely fair——
Confusion in their looks they show'd,
And with *unborrow*'d blushes glow'd.

A Flower painted by Varelst.

WHEN fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
And, finishing the work, she smiling said,
Behold one work of mine, which ne'er shall fade.

On Lord Cobham's Gardens.

WHO puzzles much the sages brains,
Where Eden stood of yore;
Some place it in Arabia's plains,
Some say, it is no more.
But Cobham can these tales confute
As all the curious know;
For he has prov'd beyond dispute,
That paradise is *Stowe*.

To a Lady; who sent Compliments to a Clergyman—on the ten of Hearts.

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear,
O'd English services are more sincere;
You send *ten* hearts—the tythe is only mine,
Give me but one—and burn the other nine.

To a Lady—half maſking herſelf when ſhe ſmiled.

SO when the ſun, with his meridian light,
Too fiercely darts upon our feeble ſight;
We thank th' officious cloud—by whoſe kind aid
We view his glory—ſoften'd by a ſhade.

Written in a Lady's Milton.

WITH virtue, ſtrong as yours, had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had bluſh'd the ſerpent charm'd:
Nor had our bliſs by penitence been bought —
Nor had frail Adam fell——nor Milton wrote.

To Sir Godfrey Kneller, *On his drawing Lady Hyde's Picture.*

KNELLER, take heed, for vaſt is thy deſign,
And madneſs 'twere for any hand, but thine;
For mocking thunder bold Salmoneus dies,
And 'tis as raſh to imitate her eyes.

To a fine Woman, too fond of praiſing her husband *By Dr Swift.*

YOU always are making a god of your ſpouſe;
But this neither reaſon nor conſcience allows:
Perhaps you will ſay, 'Tis from gratitude due,
And you *adore* him becauſe he *adores* you.
Your argument's weak, and ſo you will find;
For you, by this rule, muſt *adore* all mankind.

The Parallel: *Between the illuſtrious John Churchill, D. of Marlborough, and the Rev. Charles Churchill, Poet.*

IN Anna's wars immortal Churchill roſe,
And great in arms, ſubdu'd Britannia's foes:
A greater Churchill now demands our praiſe,
And the palm yields to the poetic bays:
Tho' John fought nobly at his army's head,
And hew his thouſands with the balls of lead:

Yet muſt the hero to the bard ſubmit,
Who hurls, unmatch'd, the thunderbolts of wit.

Martial, lib. i. Ep. 34. *By Mr Hay.*

HER father dead—alone no grief ſhe knows;
Th' obedient tear at ev'ry viſit flows.
No mourner he, who muſt by praiſe be fee'd
But he, who mourns in ſecret, mourns indeed!

Strephon and Blowſalind, or the Amorous 'Squire.

STREPHON in vain purſu'd a rural fair,
The roſy object of his tender care:
The nymph, who long had lov'd a jollier ſwain,
Still view'd the amorous Strephon with diſdain.
Provok'd, he ſtrove by force to ſtorm her charms;
She rais'd her hand—and daſh'd him from her arms.
'Oh ceaſe, he cries, ſubdue that barbarous ſpite,
'Tho' doom'd to love—I was not born to fight!
'You've ſtoln my heart, deprive me not of breath;
'Thoſe *frowns* are cruel—but that *fiſt* is death!'

To Avaro.

THUS to the maſter of a houſe,
Which, like a church, would ſtrave a mouſe;
Which never gueſt had entertain'd,
Nor meat nor wine its floors had ſtain'd;
I ſaid:—Well, ſir, 'tis vaſtly neat:
But where d'ye drink, and where d'you eat?
If one may judge, with rooms ſo fine,
It coſts you more for mops than wine.

Martial, lib. viii. Ep. 19. imitated: *To an ancient Gentlewoman.*

YOU ſay you're old, in hopes we'll ſay you're young:
But 'tis your face we credit, not your tongue.

An Epitaph.

CELSUS nor gave me purge nor clyſter,
Nor felt my pulſe, nor order'd bliſter:
But, being ill, I chanc'd to hear
The doctor's name—and dy'd for fear.

The Miſer and the Mouſe.

AS Pedro ſtalk'd around his houſe,
The jealous miſer ſpy'd a mouſe:
'How now, cries he, what doſt thou here?'
'Sir, ſays the mouſe, diſmiſs your fear;
'I come not with the *hopes* of food,
'But for the ſake of—ſolitude.'

The Prayer of a wiſe Heathen.

GREAT Jove, this one petition grant;
(Thou knoweſt beſt what mortals want:)
Aſk'd, or unaſk'd what's good ſupply;
What's evil—to our *pray'rs* deny!

On the Statue of a Cow, by Myron.

HENCE, fooliſh calf!—thy cries refrain,
Nor torture thus my teats in vain:
The ſculptor's hand has done its part,
Thy *real milk* exceeds his art.

On a Lady who was very handſome and very kind.

CHLOE's the wonder of her ſex,
'Tis well her heart is tender;
How might ſuch killing eyes perplex
With virtue to defend her.

But Nature graciouſly inclin'd
Not beauty to vex but pleaſe us,
Has to her boundleſs beauty joined
A boundleſs will to pleaſe us.

Wrote by a young Lady on one of the Windows of Nottingham Caſtle.

YE heavens, if innocence deſerves your care,
Why have you made it fatal to the fair:
Baſe man, the ruin of our ſex was born,
The beauteous are his prey, the reſt his ſcorn;
Alike unfortunate, our fate is ſuch,
We pleaſe too little, or we pleaſe too much.

On Wit.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant ſtone,
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boaſts two various powers in one,
To *cut* as well as *ſhine*.
Genius, like that, if poliſh'd right,
With the ſame gifts abounds——
Appears at once both clean and bright
And *ſparkles* whiles it wounds.

On Mr Quin: *By Mr Garrick.*

THAT tongue which ſet the table on a roar,
And charm'd the public ear—is heard no more.
Clos'd are theſe eyes, the harbingers of wit,
That ſpoke, before the tongue, what Shakeſpeare writ,
Cold is that hand, which living was ſtretch'd forth,
At friendſhip's call, to ſuccour modeſt worth.
Here lies James Quin:—Deign, reader, to be taught,
Whate'er thy ſtrength of body, force of thought;
Tho' thou in nature's choiceſt mould wert caſt,
To this complection' muſt thou come at laſt!

On a libertine Gameſter. *Jactea eſt alea.*

HERE lies a Sceptic, long in doubt,
If death could kill the ſoul or not;
His ſcruples death reſolves at laſt;
Convinc'd—but oh! the dye is caſt!

Political and other Conundrums, freſh coin'd, and red hot out of the Mint.

1 WHY are the horned cattle ſo much like the Scotch nation?
2 When a certain lady was at St Alban's, how far was ſhe from Cumberland?
3 Why is a man that has been ſtript of his clothes like certain petitioners?
4 Why is the houſe of C——s like a flint ſtone?
5 Why is a large fire like a ſpendthrift?
6 Why is every virtuous girl a proper attendant upon a Queen?
7 Why is lady G—— like Wanſtead houſe?
8 Why is a peer like a man upon crutches?
9 Why is a girl, ſuſpected of an illicit amour, like a ſhip in a ſtorm?
10 Why is Mr Wilkes ſo much eſteemed by the ladies?
11 Why is the ſoft row of a herring like the marquis of Granby?
12 Why is the ſpirited Junius like a cabbage-ſtalk?
14 Why is a rigid preſbyterian like a New-market gambler?
15 Why is a large wig like a fierce engagement?
16 Why are ſubmiſſive huſbands like barley-corns given to poultry?
17 Why is a Yorkſhire-man like a ſurly maſtiff?
18 Why is a diverting novel like a caniſter of tea?
19 Why is a contented man like the philoſopher's ſtone?
20 Why is an impudent fellow like a warming pan?
21 Why is a large garden like an hoſpital?
22 Why are modeſty and honeſty like a pair of ſquare-toed ſhoes?

Anſwers to the CONUNDRUMS.

1 BECAUSE the King *careth* for them.
2 Not a yard.
3 Becauſe they want to be re-dreſſed.
4 Becauſe we can't get it diſſolved.
5 Becauſe it conſumes the cole.
6 Becauſe ſhe is a *maid of honour*.
7 Becauſe ſhe is fit for a Prince.
8 Becauſe he has ſupporters to his arms.
9 Becauſe ſhe is *blown* upon.
10 Becauſe he goes *great lengths*.
11 Becauſe he is a he-roe.
12 Becauſe he is uſeleſs to Graft-on.
14 Becauſe he conſtantly attends at the meetings.
15 Becauſe it conſumes much powder.
16 Becauſe they are often hen-pecked.
17 Becauſe he often bites his friends.
18 Becauſe the leaves afford pleaſure to the ladies.
19 Becauſe he could never be found.
20 Becauſe he is brazen faced.
21 Becauſe it is full of beds.
22 Becauſe they are out of faſhion.

The Favourite

SONGS

From LOVE in a VILLAGE.

AIR I. *Let ambition, &c.*

Roſſet. HOPE! thou nurſe of young deſire,
Fairy promiſer of joy;
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate ſweet that ne'er can cloy.

Lucin. Hope! thou earneſt of delight,
Softeſt ſoother of the mind;
Balmy cordial, proſpect bright,
Sureſt friend the wretched find.

Both. Kind deceiver, flatter ſtill,
Deal out pleaſures unpoſſeſt;
With my dreams my fancy fill,
And in wiſhes make me bleſt.

AIR II.

Whence can you inherit
So ſlaviſh a ſpirit?
Confin'd thus, and chain'd to a log!
Now fondled, now chid,
Permitted, forbid,
'Tis leading the life of a dog.

For ſhame, you a lover!
For firmneſs diſcover;
Take courage, nor here longer mope;
Reſiſt and be free,
Run riot like me,
And, to perfect the picture, elope.

AIR III. *Kitty beautiful, &c.*

My heart's my own, my will is free,
And ſo ſhall be my voice;
No mortal man ſhall wed with me,
'Till once he's made my choice.
Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,
And children ſtill obey:
And is there then no ſaving clauſe,
Againſt tyrannic ſway?

AIR IV.

When once love's ſubtle poiſon gains
A paſſage to the female breaſt;
Like lightning ruſhing thro' the veins.
Each wiſh, and ev'ry thought's poſſeſt.
To heal the pangs our minds endure,
Reaſon in vain its ſkill applies;
Nought can afford the heart a cure,
But what is pleaſing to the eyes.

AIR V.

Oh! had I been by fate decreed
Some humble cottage ſwain;
In fair Roſſetta's ſight to feed
My ſheep upon the plain;
What bliſs had I been born to taſte,
Which now I ne'er muſt know?
Ye envious pow'rs! why have you plac'd
My fair one's lot ſo low?

AIR VI.

Gentle youth, ah, tell me why
Still you force me thus to fly!
Ceaſe, oh! ceaſe to perſevere,
Speak not what I muſt not hear,
To my heart its eaſe reſtore,
Go and never ſee me more.

AIR VII.

Still in hope to get the better
Of my ſtubborn flame I try;
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.

Now prepar'd with ſcorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;
Boaſt my freedom, fly to meet her,
And confeſs myſelf a ſlave.

AIR VIII. *A friar went a hunting.*

There was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the river Dee;
He work'd and ſung, from morn 'till night,
No lark more blyth than he.
And this the burden of his ſong
For ever us'd to be;
I care for nobody, not I,
If no body cares for me.

AIR IX. *From the eaſt breaks the morn.*

Lay gay ones and great
Make the moſt of their fate,
From pleaſure to pleaſure they run:
Well, who care a jot?
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
To the fields I repair,
With spirits unclouded and light;
The blisses I find,
No stings leave behind,
But health and diversion unite.

AIR X.

The honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
From fraud, disguise, and guile,
Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's smile.

The greatness that would make us grave
Is but an empty thing;
What more than mirth would mortals have?
The chearful man's a king.

AIR XI.

Well, well, say no more,
Sure you told me before;
I know the length of my teather;
Do you think I'm a fool,
That I need go to school?
I can spell you and put you together.
A word to the wise
Will always suffice,
Adsniggers, go talk to your parrot;
I'm not such an elf,
Tho' I say it myself,
But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.

AIR XII. *Dearest creature of all nature.*

Cupid, god of soft persuasion,
Take the helpless lover's part;
Seize, oh seize, some kind occasion,
To reward a faithful heart.

Juſtly thoſe we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthral;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Thoſe who would enſlave the mind.
What is grandeur? foe to reſt;
Childiſh mummery at beſt;
Happy I in humble ſtate;
Catch ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.

AIR XIII. *O the broom, &c.*

How happy were my days till now
I ne'er did ſorrow feel;
I roſe with joy to milk my cow,
Or take my ſpinning wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
Like any bird I ſung,
Till he pretended love, and I
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

Oh the fool, the ſilly, ſilly fool,
Who truſts what man may be!
I wiſh I was a maid again,
And in my own country.

AIR XIV.

The court and the city, fine folk may extol,
Where beauties all ſhining a paradiſe make;
But ſhew me the belles at a play or a ball,
To equal the laſs at a fair, or a wake.
Behold in a garden, the roſes new blown,
Such freſhneſs ſmiles here upon ev'ry face;
While flow'rs in a chimney, your fair ones in town,
Look wither'd, and bear the dark hue of the place.

AIR XV.

Gardener.

Thoſe who in gardens take delight,
Attend to what I ſay,
To pleaſure you with main and might
I'll labour ev'ry day.
All ſort of gard'ner craft I know,
Though it be ne'er ſo nice;
With me your fruits and flow'rs ſhall grow,
As 'twere in paradiſe.

Houſe-maid. Nancy Dawſon.

I pray ye genties, liſt to me,
I'm young and ſtrong and clean to ſee;
I'll not turn tail to any ſhe,
For work that's in the country.
Of all your houſe the charge I take,
I waſh, I ſcrub, I brew, I bake;
And more can do than here I'll ſpeak
Depending on your bounty.

Huntſman.

A huntſman I am, with a merry ton'd horn,
Come here in the ſearch of a place;
Mark away jolly, ſportſman, I'll rouſe you each morn,
To enjoy the delights of the chace—my brave boys.

Laundry-maid.

If for your laundry you deſire
A ſober, careful girl to hire,
I dare be bound, your linen all
To get up neat, both great and ſmall;
I would not brag but where I might,
No driven ſnow ſhall be more white.

Footman.

Behold a blade, who knows his trade
In chamber, hall, and entry;

And what tho' here I now appear,
I've ſerv'd the beſt of gentry.
A footman would you have,
I can dreſs, and comb, and ſhave;
For I a handy lad am,
On a meſſage I can go,
And ſlip a billet-doux,
With your humble ſervant, madam.

Cook-maid. The roaſt beef of Old England.

Who wants a good cook, my hand they muſt cruſs,
For plain, wholſome diſhes I'm ne'er at a loſs;
And what are your ſoups, your ragouts, and your ſauce,
Compar'd to the fare of Old England, &c.

Groom.

Clear the courſe, my boys, clear the courſe, and make room,
Ye gents of the turf, have you need of a groom?
Let me ride your match, and you'll certainly win,
I'll teach you to take the knowing ones in.

Dairy-maid.

To prove the market ben't afraid,
In me you'll find a dairy-maid,
Whate'er you can expect her;
I've often had the place before,
And always gave content, and more,
Can have a good character.

Carter. Ge ho dobbin.

If you want a young man, with a true honeſt heart,
Who knows how to manage a plough and a cart.
Here's one for your purpoſe, come take me and try;
You'll ſay you ne'er met with a better than I.
Ge ho dobbin, &c.

CHORUS. *Balance a ſtraw.*

My maſters and miſtreſſes hither repair,
what ſervants you want you will find at our fair:
Men and maids fit for all ſorts of ſtations their be;
And as for the wages we ſhan't diſagree,

AIR XVI. *Minuet by Paradis.*

We women like weak Indians trade,
Whose judgment tinsel shows decoys:
Dupes to our folly we are made,
While artful man the gain enjoys:
We give our treasure to be paid,
A paltry, poor return! in toys.

AIR XVII.

Think my fairest, how delay
Danger every moment brings;
Time flies swift and will away;
Time that's ever on its wings:
Doubting, and suspence, at best,
Lovers late repentance cost;
Let us eager to be blest,
Seize occasion ere 'tis lost.

AIR XVIII.

Believe me, dear aunt,
If you rave thus and rant,
You'll never a lover persuade;
The men will all fly,
And leave you to die,
Oh, terrible chance! an old maid.

How happy the lass,
Must she come to this pass,
Who ancient virginity 'scapes!
'Twere better on earth
Have five brats at a birth,
Than in hell be a leader of apes.

AIR XIX.

When I follow'd a lass that was froward and shy,
Oh! I stuck to her stuff, 'till I made her comply;
Oh! I took her so lovingly round the waist,
And I smack'd her lips, and I held her fast:

When hugg'd and haul'd,
She squeal'd and squall'd:
But tho' she vow'd all I did w[illegible] in vain,
Yet I pleas'd her so well, that she bore it again;
Then hoity toity,
Whisking, frisking,
Green was her gown upon the grass:
Oh! such were the joys of my dancing days.

AIR XX. *Ask if you damak rose be sweet.*

Eust. Let rakes and libertines resign'd
To sensual pleasures, range:
Here all the sex's charms I find,
And ne'er can cool, or change.

Lucin. Let vain coquettes and prudes conceal
What most their hearts desire;
With pride my passion I reveal,
Oh! may it ne'er expire.

Both. The sun shall cease to spread its light,
The stars their orbits leave
And fair creation sink in night,
When I my dear deceive,

AIR XXI.

How blest the maid, whose bosom
No head-strong passion knows!
Her days in joy she passes,
Her night in calm repose.
Where e'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear invades her,
But pleasure,
Without measure,
From ev'ry object flows.

AIR XXII.

In vain I ev'ry art essay,
To pluck the venom'd shaft away,
That wrankles in my heart;

Deep in the centre fix'd and bound,
My efforts but enlarge my wound,
And fiercer make the ſmart.

AIR XXIII.

Roſſ. Be gone——I agree,
From this moment were free,
Already the matter I've ſworn;

Y. Mead. Yet let me complain
Of the fates, that ordain
A trial ſo hard to be borne.

Roſſ. When things are but fit,
We ſhould calmly ſubmit,
No cure in reluctance we find:

Y. Mead. Then thus I obey,
Tear your image away,
And baniſh you quite from my mind.

AIR XXIV.

O! how ſhall I in language weak,
My ardent paſſion tell!
Or form my falt'ring tongue to ſpeak
That cruel word, farewel!
Farewel—but know tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never ſtray:
Go where I will, my conſtant heart
Muſt with my charmer ſtay.

AIR XXV.

Young I am, and ſore afraid:
Would you hurt a harmleſs maid?
Lead an innocent aſtray?
Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe;
And ſhould you my faith deceive,
Ruin firſt and then forſake;
Sure my tender heart would break.

AIR XXVI.

Oons! neighbour, ne'er bluſh for a triſle like this!
What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiſs?
The greateſt and graveſt — a truce with grimace —
Would do the ſame thing, were they in the ſame place.
No age, no profeſſion, no ſtation is free;
To ſovereign beauty mankind bend the knee:
That power, reſiſtleſs, no ſtrength can oppoſe:
We all love a pretty girl under the roſe.

AIR XXVII. *Let me wander not, &c.*

My Dolly was the faireſt thing,
Her breath diſclos'd the ſweets of ſpring;
And if for ſummer you would ſeek,
'Twas painted in her eye and cheek.

Her ſwelling boſom, tempting ripe,
Of fruitleſs autumn was the type:
But, when my tender tale I told,
I found her heart was winter cold.

AIR XXVIII.

Oh Hymen propitious, receive in thy train
A pair unſeduc'd by the ſelfiſh and vain;
Whom neither ambition, nor intereſts draws,
But love, cordial ſubjects, ſubmits to thy laws:
Our ſouls for the ſweets of thy union prepare,
And grant us thy bliſſes unblended with care:
Let mutual compliance endear all our days,
And friendſhip grow ſtronger as paſſion decays.

AIR XXIX. *The threſhers dance.*

Was ever poor fellow ſo plagu'd with a vixin?
Rawns! Madge, don't provoke me, but mind what I ſay;
You've choſe a wrong perſon for playing your tricks on,
So pack up your alls and be trudging away;

You'd had better be quiet,
And not breed a riot;
S'blood muſt I ſtand prating with you here all day?
I've got other matters to mind;
Mayhap you may think me an aſs;
But to the contrary, you'll find
A fine piece of work, by the maſs!

AIR XXX.

Ceaſe, gay ſeducers, pride to take
In triumphs o'er the fair;
Since clowns as well can act the rake,
As thoſe in higher ſphere.

Where then, to ſhun a ſhameful fate,
Shall hapleſs beauty go?
In ev'ry rank, in ev'ry ſtate,
Poor woman finds a foe!

AIR XXXI.

Since Hodge proves ungrateful, no farther I'll ſeek,
But go up to town in the waggon next week;
A ſervice in London is no ſuch diſgrace,
And regiſter's office will get me a place:
But Bloſſom went there, and ſoon met with a friend;
Folks ſay in her ſilks ſhe's now ſtanding an end!
Then why ſhould not I the ſame maxim purſue,
And better my fortune as other girls do?

AIR XXXII.

Well, come, let us hear what the ſwain muſt poſſeſs
Who may hope at your feet to implore with ſucceſs?
Roſſ. He muſt be, firſt of all,
Straight, comely and tall,
Lucin. Neither awkward,
Roſſ. Nor fooliſh,
Lucin. Nor apiſh,
Roſſ. Nor muliſh;
Lucin. } Nor yet ſhould his fortune be ſmall.
Roſſ. }

Hawth. What think'ſt of a captain?
Lucin. All bluſter and wounds!
Hawth. What think'ſt of a ſquire?
Roſſ. To be left to his hounds.

Lucin. The youth that is form'd to my mind,
Muſt be gentle, obliging, and kind:
Of all things in nature love me;
Roſſ. Have ſenſe both to ſpeak and to ſee—
Yet ſometimes be ſilent and blind.

Hawth. 'Fore George a moſt rare matrimonial receipt,
Roſſ. Obſerve it, ye fair, in the choice of a mate:
Lucin. Remember, 'tis wedlock determines your fate.

AIR XXXIII.

The world is a well furniſhed table,
Where gueſts are promiſcuouſly ſet:
We all fare as well as we're able,
And ſcramble for what we can get.

My ſimile holds to a title;
Some gorge, while ſome ſcarce have a taſte;
But if I'm content with a little,
Enough is as good as a feaſt.

AIR XXXIV. *An Italian ſong by Guardini.*

It is not wealth, it is not birth,
Can value to the ſoul convey;
Minds poſſeſs ſuperior worth,
Which chance nor gives, nor takes away.
Like the ſun true merit ſhows,
By nature warm, by nature bright;
With inbred flames he nobly glows,
Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.

AIR XXXV.

The traveller benighted,
And led thro' weary ways;
The lamp of day new lighted,
With joy the dawn ſurveys.

The riſing proſpects viewing,
Each look is forward caſt;
He ſmiles, his courſe purſuing,
Nor thinks of what is paſt.

AIR XXXVI. *A minuet by Geminiani*

If ever a fond inclination
Roſe in your boſom to rob you of reſt
Reflect with a little compaſſion,
On the ſoft pangs which prevail'd in my breaſt,
Oh where, where would you fly me?
Can you deny me, thus torn and diſtreſt?
Think when my lover was by me,
Wou'd I, how cou'd I refuſe his requeſt?
Kneeling before you, let me implore you;
Look on me ſighing, crying, dying;
Ah! is there no language can move?
If I have been too complying,
Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

AIR XXXVII. *St Patrick's day.*

A plague of thoſe wenches, they make ſuch a pother,
when once they have let'n a man have his will;
They're always a whining for ſomething or other,
And cry he's unkind in his carriage:
What tho' he ſpeaks them never ſo fairly,
Still they keep teazing, teazing on:
You cannot perſuade 'em,
'Till promiſe you've made 'em;
And after they've got it,
They tell you- add rot it!
Their character's blaſted, they're ruin'd, undone:
And then, to be ſure, Sir,
There is but one cure, Sir,
And all their diſcourſe is of marriage.

AIR XXXVIII.

How much ſuperior beauty awes,
The coldeſt boſoms find:
But with reſiſtleſs force it draws,
To ſenſe and ſweetneſs join'd.
The caſket, where to outward ſhow,
The workman's art is ſeen,
Is doubly valu'd when we know
It holds a gem within.

AIR XXXIX. *Vainly now you ſtrive, &c.*

Roſ. When we ſee a lover languiſh,
And his truth and honour prove,
Ah! how ſweet to heal his anguiſh,
And repay him love for love.

AIR XL.

V. Mead. All I wiſh in her obtaining,
Fortune can no more impart;
Roſ. Let my eyes thoughts explaining,
Speak the feelings of my heart.
V. Mead. Joy and pleaſure never ceaſing,
Roſ. Love with length of years increaſing;
Together. Thus my heart and hand ſurrender,
Here my faith and truth I plight;
Conſtant ſtill, and kind and tender,
May our flames burn ever bright.

AIR XLI. *When Orpheus went down, &c.*

If ever I'm catch'd in the regions of ſmoke,
That ſeat of confuſion and noiſe,
May I ne'er know the ſweets of a ſlumber unbroke,
Nor the pleaſure the country enjoys.
Nay, more, let them take me to puniſh my ſin,
Where gaping the Cockneys they fleece;

Clap me up with their monſters, cry maſters walk in,
And ſhew me for twopence a-piece.

AIR XLII.

Go, naughty man, I can't abide you;
Are then your vows ſo ſoon forgot?
Ah! now I ſee if I had try'd you;
What would have been my hopeful lot.

But here I charge you—Make them happy;
Bleſs the fond pair, and crown their bliſs:
Come be a dear, good natur'd pappy;
And I'll reward you with a kiſs.

AIR XLIII.

Euſt. The merchant, whoſe veſſel the winds make their ſport,
At laſt thus arrives with his treaſure in port;
His labour requitted, his duty he pays;
His dangers are paſt, and his heart is at eaſe.

Lucin. Were monarchs contending to make me a bride,
Undazzl'd I'd look on their ſplendor and pride;
Refus'd ſhould their crowns and their palaces be,
Contented to live in a cottage with thee.

Dib. On earth, if there's aught of ſubſtantial delight,
'Tis ſure when like us a fond couple unite:
When, bleſt in each other, their ſtruggles are o'er,
And pleaſures are heighten'd by pains gone be-fore.

AIR XLIV.

Hence with cares, complaints and frowning,
Welcome jollity and joy;
Ev'ry grief in pleaſure drowning,
Mirth this happy night employ:
Let's to friendſhip do our duty.
Laugh and ſing ſome good old ſtrain;
Drink a health to love and beauty;
May they long in triumph reign.

Deſcription of a wonderful OLD MAN.

THere was an old man and, tho' it's not common,
Yet, if he ſaid true, he was born of a woman,
And tho' it's incredible, yet I have been told,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Whene'er he was hungry, he long'd for ſome meat,
And if he could get it, 'twas ſaid he could eat:
When thirſty he'd drink if you gave him a pot,
And his liquour moſt commonly ran down his throat.
Derry down, &c.

He ſeldom or never could ſee without light,
And yet I've been told he could hear in the night.
He has oft' been awake in the day time, 'tis ſaid,
And has fallen aſleep as he lay on his bed.
Derry down, &c.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he talk'd,
And he ſtir'd both his legs and arms when he walk'd,
And his gait was ſo odd, had you ſeen him you'd burſt,
For one leg or t'other would always be firſt.
Derry down, &c.

His face was the oddeſt that ever was ſeen,
For if 'twas not waſh'd, it was ſeldom quite clean;
His teeth he expos'd when he happen'd to grin,
And his mouth ſtood a-croſs 'twixt his noſe and his chin.
Derry down, &c.

When this whimſical chap had a river to paſs,
If he could not get over, he'd ſtay where he was,
'Tis ſaid he ne'er ventur'd to quit the dry ground,
Yet ſo great was his luck, that he never was drown'd.
Derry down, &c.

'Mongſt other ſtrange things that befel this good yeoman,
He was married, poor ſoul! and his wife was a woman!
Unleſs by that lyer, Miſs Fame, we're beguil'd,
We may roundly affirm he was never with child.
Derry down, &c.

At laſt he fell ſick, as old chronicles tell,
And then, as folks ſaid, he was not very well,
But what was more ſtrange in ſo weak a condition,
As he could not give fees, he could get no phyſician.
Derry down, &c.

What wonder he dy'd! yet 'tis ſaid that his death,
Was occaſion'd at laſt by the want of his breath;
But peace to his bones, which in aſhes now moulder,
Had he liv'd a day longer he'd have been a day older.
Derry down, &c.

SONG.

IN infancy our hopes and fears,
Were to each other known;
And friendſhip in our riper years,
Has twin'd our hearts in one.
O clear him then from this offence,
Thy love, thy duty prove;
Reſtore him with that innocence,
Which firſt inſpir'd my love.

SONG.

In the dead of the night, when with labour oppreſs'd,
All mortals enjoy the calm bleſſings of reſt,
Cupid knock'd at my door, I awoke with the noiſe,
And who is it (I call'd) that my ſleep thus deſtroys?
He anſwer'd not be frighten'd, he anſwer'd ſo mild,
Let me in; I'm a little unfortunate child;
It's a cold rainy night; and I'm wet to the ſkin;
And my way I have loſt, and do pray let me in.
I was mov'd with compaſſion; and ſtriking a light,
Open'd the door, when a boy ſtood in ſight.
With wings on his ſhoulders; the rain from him
dripp'd,
With a bow and with arrows too he was equipp'd.
I ſtirr'd up my fire, and cloſe by its ſide,
I ſet him down by me; with napkins I dry'd,
I chaf'd him all over, kept out the cold air,
And I wrung with my hands the wet out of his hair,

He from wet and from cold was no ſooner at eaſe,
But taking his bow up, he ſaid if you pleaſe
We will try it; I wou'd by experiment know
If the wet hath not damag'd the ſtring of my bow.
Forthwith from his quiver an arrow he drew,
To the ſtring he apply'd it, and twang went the yew;
The arrow was gone; in my boſom it center'd,
No ſting of a hornet more ſharp ever enter'd.
Away ſkipp'd the urchin as briſk as a bee,
And laughing, I wiſh you much joy, friend, quoth he,
My bow is undamag'd, for true went the dart;
But you will have trouble enough with your heart.

The NUN. Sung at Vauxhall-Gardens.

SURE a laſs in her bloom at the age of nineteen,
Was ne'er ſo diſtreſt as of late I have been;
I know not I vow any harm I have done,
But my mother oft tells me ſhe'll have me a nun.
But my mother oft tells me ſhe'll have me a nun.

Don't you think it a pity a girl ſuch as I
Should be ſentenc'd to pray, and to faſt, and to cry,
With days ſo devout I'm not like to be won,
And my heart it loves frolic too well for a nun.
And my heart, &c.

To hear the men flatter, and promiſe, and ſwear,
Is a thouſand times better to me I declare;
I can keep myſelf chaſte, nor by wiles be undone:
Nay beſides I'm too handſome, I think, for a nun.
Nay beſides, &c.

Not to love or be lov'd, oh! I never can bear,
Nor yield to be ſent to, one cannot tell where,
To live or to die in this caſe were all one,
Nay I ſooner would die, than be reckon'd a nun.
Nay I ſooner, &c.

Perhaps, but to teaze me, ſhe threatens me ſo,
For ſure, was ſhe me, ſhe wou'd ſtoutly ſay no,

But, if she's in earnest, I from her will run;
And be married, in spite, that I mayn't be a nun,
And be married, in spite, that I mayn't be a nun.

SONG.

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,
Their fair nymphs were so happy and gay,
That each night they went safely to rest,
And they merrily sung thro' the day:
But ah! what a scene must appear,
Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er?
Shall the tabor no more strike the ear?
Shall the dance on the green be no more?
Must the flocks from their pastors be led?
Must the herds go wild straying abroad?
Shall the looms be all stopp'd in each shed,
And the ships be all moor'd in each road?
Must the arts be all scatter'd abroad,
And shall commerce grow sick of her tide?
Must religion expire on the ground,
And shall virtue sink down by her side?

SONG. In the Entertainment of Lethe.

YE mortals whom fancies and troubles perplex,
Who folly misguides or infirmities vex,
Whose lives scarcely know what it is to be blest,
Who rise without joy, and lay down without rest,
Obey the glad summons to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.
Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
And young ones the rover they cannot regain:
The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd
And Chloe again be with rapture enjoy'd,
Obey the glad summons, &c.
The wife at one draught shall forget all her wants,
Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants:
The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,
And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to day.
Obey the glad summons, &c.

The SPINNING WHEEL.

Sung by Miſs Thomas at Ranelagh.

TO eaſe his heart, and own his flame,
Young Jockey to my cottage came,
And tho' I lik'd him paſſing weel,
careleſs turn'd my ſpinning wheel.

My milk white hand he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers long and ſmall;
Unuſual joy my heart did feel:
But ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning wheel.

Then round about my ſlender waiſt,
He claſp'd his arms and me embrac'd;
To kiſs my hand he down did kneel,
But yet I turn'd my ſpinning wheel.

With gentle voice, I bid him riſe.
He bleſs'd my neck, my lips, and eyes:
My fondneſs I could ſcarce conceal,
But yet I turn'd my ſpinning wheel.

'Till bolder grown, ſo cloſe he preſs'd,
His wanton thoughts I quickly gueſs'd;
Then puſh'd him from my rock and reel,
And angry turn'd my ſpinning wheel.

At laſt when I began to chide,
He ſwore he meant me for his bride;
'Twas then my love I did reveal,
And flung away my ſpinning wheel.

Sung at Vauxhall by Mr Lowe.

WITH women and wine I defy every care,
For life without theſe is a bubble of air;
For life without theſe, &c.

Each helping the other, in pleaſure I roll,
And a new flow of ſpirits enlivens my ſoul,
Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave ſober mortals my maxim condemn,
I never ſhall alter my conduct for them;
I care not how much they my meaſures decline,
Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have mine.
Wine prudently us'd will our ſenſes improve,
'Tis the ſpring tide of life, and the fuel of love;
And Venus ne'er look'd with a ſmile ſo divine,
As when Mars bound his head with a branch from the vine.

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half divine,
Firſt pledge me with kiſſes, next pledge me with wine,
Then giving and taking in mutual return,
The torch of our loves ſhall eternally burn.
But ſhouldſt thou my paſſion for wine diſapprove,
My bumper I'll quit to be bleſt with thy love;
For rather than forfeit the joys of my laſs,
My bottle I'll break and demoliſh my glaſs.

SONGS from the JUBILEE at Stratford upon Avon, in honour of SHAKESPEARE.

LET beauty with the ſun ariſe,
To Shakeſpeare tribute pay,
With heavenly ſmiles and ſparkling eyes,
Give luſtre to the day.

Each ſmile ſhe gives protects his name,
What face ſhall dare to frown?
Not envy's ſelf can blaſt the fame,
Which beauty deigns to crown.

By Mr G——.

YE Warwickſhire lads and ye laſſes,
See what at our Jubilee paſſes.
Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickſhire lad,
Warwickſhire lad,
All be glad,
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickſhire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your country,
Where nature has laviſh'd her bounty,
Where much ſhe has given and ſome to be ſpar'd,
And the bard of all bards was a Warwickſhire bard,
Warwickſhire bard,
Never pair'd,
For the bard of all bards, was a Warwickſhire bard.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
And half a ſcore more we take pride in,
Of famous Will Congreve, we boaſt too the ſkill,
But the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickſhire Will,
Warwickſhire Will,
Matchleſs ſtill,
For the Will of all Wills, was a Warwickſhire Will.

Our Shakeſpeare compar'd is to no man,
Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman,
Their ſwans are all geeſe to the Avon's ſweet ſwan,
And the man of all men, was a Warwickſhire man,
Warwickſhire man,
Avon's ſwan,
And the man of all men was a Warwickſhire man.

As veniſon is very inviting,
To ſteal it our bard took delight in,
To make his friends merry he never was lag,
And the wag of all wags was a Warwickſhire wag,
Warwickſhire wag,
Ever brag,
For the wag of all wags was a Warwickſhire wag.

There never was ſeen ſuch a creature,
Of all ſhe was worth he robb'd nature:
He took all her ſmiles and he took all her grief,
And the thief of all thieves was a Warwickſhire thief,
Warwickſhire thief,
He's the chief
For the thief of all thieves, was a Warwickſhire thief.

The Mulberry Tree. By Mr G——.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, O my ſweet Shakeſpeare, was planted by thee:
As a relick I kiſs it, and bow at the ſhrine,
What comes from thy hand muſt be ever divine!
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry Tree,
Bend to thee,
Bleſt Mulberry
Matchleſs was he,
Who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal be!

Ye trees of the forreſt ſo rampant and high,
Who ſpread round your branches, whoſe heads ſweep the ſky,
Ye curious exotics, whom taſte has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices ſo dear,
All ſhall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flowers;
The garden of Shakeſpeare all fancies will ſuit,
With the ſweeteſt of flowers, and faireſt of fruit.
All ſhall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well letter'd birch,
Supplies law and phyſic, and grace for the church;
But law and the goſpel in Shakeſpeare we find,
And he gives the beſt phyſic for body and mind.
All ſhall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories reſign,
Our tree ſhall ſurpaſs both the laurel and vine.
All ſhall yield, &c.

The genius of Shakeſpeare outſhines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey.

So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has laurels and bays and the vine all in one. All, &c.

Then each take a relick of this hollow tree,
From folly and fashion a charm let it be;
Fill, fill the planter the cup to the brim,
To honour his country, do honour to him. All, &c.

Sweet Willy O. Sung by Mr Vernon and Mr Dibdin.

THE pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,
The first of the swains
He gladden'd the plains,
None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.
He sung it so rarely did sweet Willy O,
He melted each maid,
So skilful he play'd,
No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.
All nature obey'd him, this sweet Willy O,
Whatever he came,
Whate'er had a name,
Whenever he sung follow'd sweet Willy O.
He would be a soldier, the sweet Willy O,
When arm'd in the field,
With sword and with shield,
The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.
He charm'd them when living, the sweet Willy O,
And when Willy dy'd,
'Twas nature that sigh'd,
To part with her all in her sweet Willy O.

Roundelay. By Mr J——.

SISTERS of the tuneful strain,
Attend your parent's jocund train,
'Tis fancy calls you, follow me,
To celebrate the jubilee.

On Avon's banks, where Shakespeare's bust,
Points out and guards his sleeping dust,

The ſons of Scenic mirth decree
To celebrate this jubilee.

By Garrick led, the grateful band
Haſte to their poet's native land,
With rites of ſportive revelry,
To celebrate his jubilee.

Come, daughters, come, and bring with you
Th' aireal ſprite and fairy crew,
And the ſiſter-graces three,
To celebrate our jubilee.

But ſee, in crowds the gay the fair,
To the ſplendid ſcene repair,
A ſcene as fine as fine can be,
To celebrate our jubilee.

Yet Colin bring and Roſalind,
Each ſhepherd true and damſel kind;
For well with ours, their ſports agree,
To Crown the feſtive jubilee.

The Country Girl. A Comic Serenata. By Mr G——,

RECITATIVO.

PRITHEE tell me, couſin Sue.
Why they make ſo much ado,
Why all this noiſe and clatter?
Why all this hurry, all this buſtle,
Law, how they crowd and bawl and juſtle,
I caunno' gueſs the matter:

For whom muſt all this pother be?
The Emperor of Germanee,
Or Great Mogul is coming:
Such eating, drinking, dancing, ſinging,
Such cannon firing, bells a ringing,
Such trumpetting and drumming?

AIR.

All this for a poet——O no,—
Who liv'd Lord knows how long ago?
How can you jeer one,
How can you ſneer one,
A poet, a poet,—O no,——
'Tis not ſo.
Who liv'd Lord knows how long ago.

It muſt be ſome great man,
A prince or a ſtates-man,
It can't be a poet,——O no:
Your poet is poor,
And nobody ſure,
Regard a poor poet, I trow.
The rich ones we prize,
Send them up to the ſkies;
But not a poor poet——O no—
Who liv'd Lord knows how long ago.

RECITATIVE.

Yet now I call to mind
Our learned doctor boaſted,
One Shikſpur did of all mankind.
Receive from heaven the moſt-head—

That he could wonders do,
And did 'em o'er and o'er
Raiſe ſpirites, and lay 'em too,
The like ne'er ſeen before.

A conjuror was he!
Who with a pen in hond,
Had earth, and air and ſea,
And all thing at commaund.

AIR.

O'er each heart he was ruler,
Made 'em warmer or cooler,
Could make 'em to laugh or to cry:
What we look'd in our breaſts,

Tho' as close as in chests,
Was not hid from the conjuror's eyes:
Tho' sins I have none,
I am glad he is gone,
No maid could live near such a man.

If he saw ye he knew ye,
Would look thro' and thro' ye,
Thro' skin, and your flesh, and your clothes,
Had you vanity, pride,
Fifty follies beside,
He would see 'em as plain as your nose:
Tho' sins I have none,
I am glad he is gone,
No maid could live near such a man.

Let us sing it, and dance it,
Rejoice it, and prance it,
That no man now has such an art;
What would come of us all,
Both the great ones, and small,
Should he live to peep now in each heart.
Tho' sins I have none,
I am glad he is gone,
No maid could live near such a man.

The Shepherds wedding.

COME haste to the wedding, you friends and you neighbours,
The lovers their bliss can no longer delay,
Forget all your sorrow, your care and your labours,
And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to day.
Come, come, one and all,
Attend to my call,
And revel in pleasures which never can cloy,
Come see rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Let envy and pride, let hate and ambition,
Still crawl to and beat at the breast of the great,

To ſuch wretched paſſions we give no admiſſion,
But leave them alone to the wiſe ones of ſtate,
We boaſt of no wealth,
But contentment and health;
In mirth and in pleaſure our moments employ.
Come ſee rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

With reaſon we taſte of each heart-ſtirring pleaſure,
With reaſon we drink of a full flowing bowl,
We're jocund and gay, but all within meaſure,
For fatal exceſs but enſlave the free ſoul.
Then come at our bidding
To this happy wedding,
No care ſhall intrude here our bliſs to annoy,
Come ſee rural felicity,
Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

The laſt Time I came o'er the Moor.

THE laſt time that I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me;
Ye pow'rs what pain do I endure,
When ſoft ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy morn diſplay'd,
The beamy day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In ſit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtely ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd time away,
Till night ſpread her dark curtain,
I pity'd all beneath the ſkies,
Ev'n kings when ſhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal lives may wound me;

Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
Where dangers may ſurround me:
Yet hopes again to ſee my love,
To feaſt on glowing kiſſes,
Shall make my cares at diſtance move
In proſpect of ſuch bliſſes.

In all my ſoul there is no place,
To let one rival enter:
Since ſhe excels in ev'ry grace,
In her my love ſhall center:
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their waves the alps ſhall cover,
On Greenland ice ſhall roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I came o'er the moor
She ſhall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
That I left her behind me:
Then Hymen's ſacred bonds ſhall chain
My heart to her fair boſom;
There while my being does remain,
My love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

FINIS.

☞ THE Binder muſt cut out the 29, 30, 31, and 32 Pages, and turn the back Margin to the Face